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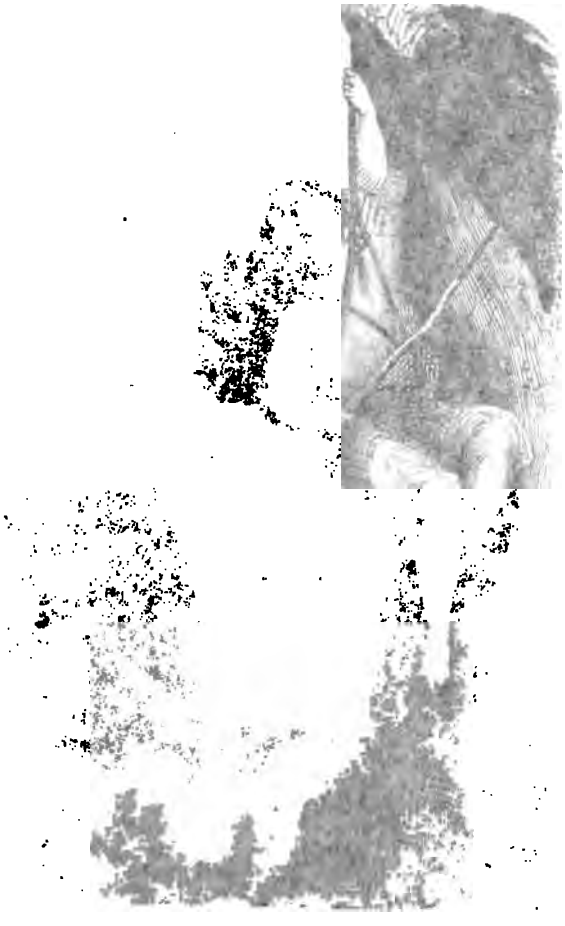
LIVING FOR A PURPOSE

THE CONTRACT.

BY

ALEXANDER SMELLIE



LIVING FOR A PURPOSE;

OR,

THE CONTRAST.

BY

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE,

AUTHOR OF "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING MAN," LETTERS BY "ONE WHO HAS WHISTLED AT THE PLOUGH," ETC. ETC.

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PREFACE.

HAD we no other purpose in relating the story of George Dawson's life than to tell that the son of a poor widow became a Member of Parliament, a merchant prince of England, and one of the greatest shipowners in all the world, we might do so, and the book be a welcome one to many a reader. But we have a higher motive than to incite in the young an admiration for a rich man, or a desire to possess great riches. The career of George Dawson has been one as eminent for virtue and moral heroism as for success in the accumulation of wealth. In him we have a fatherless boy who listened to and practised the religious and moral precepts of his mother; who was always ready to undertake for her the humblest employments in which she required assistance; who, obedient,

was yet bold, cheerful, and playful; whose deficient education was repaired by diligent self-culture; whose integrity, in the face of great temptation, resisted the acquisition of profits from dishonourable business; and who, though by nature impulsive and imaginative, disciplined his personal habits by a careful observance of the laws of Providence. In all things he may not have been faultless, but he has ever been affectionate, generous, grateful, courageous, and inflexibly honest.

If we add that, besides the attractiveness of his change of fortunes, and his good personal qualities, the life of George Dawson involves incidents, adventures, and misadventures, now pleasantly interesting, now startling, and profoundly impressive, it may be inferred that this book is one which the young will not lay down until read through, nor one which a parent will object to when it is again taken up.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

LIVING FOR A PURPOSE.

CHAPTER I.

THE scene of our story opens amid the pastoral fields and wild solitudes of Craven and Wharfedale, in the county of York. Few can look upon the prodigious crags and profound chasms of that part of the county without expressing their admiration, not unmixed with awe or terror at the sublime scenery.

It was on a sweet morning in the early part of June, in the year 1808, that a stalwart yeoman stepped from the threshold of the house of Whaleybeck Mill, with a light and elastic tread. He was about forty-five years of age, strong of frame, and with a free and happy countenance, for there was not a more light-hearted and contented man in the county

than Charley Dawson the miller; but on this morning he had upon his arm three or four young hawks, for he had the reputation of being one of the best trainers of that bird, and, consequently, was much sought after and encouraged by the neighbouring gentry.

Charles Dawson was fond of hawks and hawking, and looked with evident pride at the birds as they sat upon his arm, shaking their glossy wings or pricking up their hooded heads, as first one sound, then another, caught their attention; but this occupation, although so much to his liking, and so healthful, was ruin to the mill, for this was so frequently silent, and had been so little worked for some years past, that it was falling rapidly into decay.

"Good-bye, wife," said Dawson to a comely-looking woman of about his own age. "Good-bye, my birdies," said he to his four children as they stood in the doorway by the side of their mother. "I shall not be gone long, but these scholars of mine must have a lesson to-day," and he threw off one of the young hawks, which having flown a sufficient distance, he recalled, by giving a long and shrill whistle, which the echoes mockingly repeated. The

bird, however, had not yet learnt obedience, and declined to return; so the yeoman strode after it with rapid steps.

The family returned to their various occupations, for there was plenty to do, and no hands, however tiny, were allowed to be idle, so that the day passed rapidly enough; and it was not until the shadows lengthened, and deepened by the setting sun, that George, the eldest boy, said,

"Where can father have gone to, mother? He said he should not be long, but he has been away all day."

"I was just thinking the same thing, George; I dare say he is staying to sup with our friend, Farmer Appletree."

The moon rose, and the myriads of twinkling stars peeped out, but still Charles Dawson returned not. The wife and elder children, at first only a little anxious, become more serious; and at last unable to suppress their inquietude, George proposes to go to one of the neighbour's houses and entreat some one of them to ride over to Farmer Appletree's farm and make inquiries. This is done, and they have nothing to do but watch the hands of the tall clock as they make their silent rounds, and wait; but

their messenger has to go many miles, and his absence seems an eternity; and when at last he returns and tells them that Dawson has not been seen or heard of, and adds that nothing more can be done that night, and they must wait—wait until the morning—who can paint the agony, the despair of those loving hearts? Such a thing had never happened before, and they understood but too well, that it would not have occurred then, if there had not been some calamity, some dreadful accident.

Yes, their apprehensions were but too true; for why, reader, linger over this sad part of our story? Dawson, in trying to reach a nest that he perceived in a cleft, had placed a foot upon a projecting crag of the cliff, not without first trying its apparent solidity with one foot, but in his eagerness he raised his other foot from the ground, so that his entire weight was upon the piece of rock. It gave way. He was hurled to the bottom, three or four hundred feet sheer descent, and no sound or sigh passed his lips, for he was dead before he came to the earth. When the first burst of grief and horror was over, the poor widow was compelled to rouse herself, in order to gain bread for her little family; and it was indeed merciful that this

exertion and self-sacrifice was absolutely required of her, for the bereavement was so sudden, that the more she wept and pondered, the less able did she feel to enter again upon the duties of life. The good rector, indeed, with deep feeling and sympathy, gave her spiritual consolation, and traced the hand of Providence in this sad event; he reminded her that not a sparrow falls to the ground without the will of our heavenly Father, and no doubt He who doeth all things wisely had smitten them, not in judgment, but in mercy.

The neighbours grieved for "poor Charley," as they kindly called him, and the affliction of his family, and offered any assistance in their power, but what help could they give? The population of Craven and Wharfedale at that time was thinly scattered, and the land was chiefly covered with pasturage for cattle and sheep. So much the worse was it for the widow of Whaleybeck Mill and her children. There was a good stream to drive the mill; but, with so few people, and so little arable land, and, consequently, so little corn to grind, the mill stood motionless more days in the week than it moved; besides which, the great wheel and other parts were so out of repair

that a break-down was expected whenever they were set in motion; but kind farmer Appletree and the widow, after a long consultation, had decided that work they must, and at once.

One day Widow Dawson told George to take Batty their old horse, and go down Wharfedale to Farmer Appletree at Appletreewick, to fetch a bushel and a half of wheat. The farmer had sent to her, saying, that though there were mills nearer, in future he would give his grinding to Whaleybeck Mill, for the sake of her fatherless family.

George was at this time about thirteen years old. He was not a well-educated boy, even for his age; much of his time had been spent following his father in quest of hawks' nests, and in training hawks to kill game; but he was attentive and dutiful to his mother, and did not now occupy himself with hawks nor climb dangerous crags, because his mother desired him not to do it. He could ride well; and before they were obliged, by poverty, to sell his father's spirited galloway, he delighted in galloping it over the moors. Now, the only horse they had was old Batty, blind of one eye, and not seeing well with the other. George was charged to use Batty gently; to take time, and

JOHN BARTON AND HIS PONY.

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I am not sure [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] to Batty [illegible]
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junction, joined the old [illegible] and would not allow him to be distressed.

George did not then know who the boys were; they were strangers in Wharfedale. But subsequently he knew them to be John and Charles Barton, sons of Sir John Barton, of London, the great banker. Their father had just then [illegible] Wharfewood Hall, and [illegible] the family as a temporary summer residence.

[illegible] at Appletree [illegible] George [illegible]

LM BARTON AND HIS PONY.

not make him gallop; for, should an accident occur to him, they would have no horse to bring corn to the mill: if Batty died, they could not afford money to buy another.

It was six or seven miles to Appletreewick. I am not sure if, by the road George went for ease to Batty's old feet, it was not eight miles. The only incident which occurred in going, was his meeting two well-dressed youths of his own age, who rode handsome ponies. They challenged him to ride a race, and seeing his unwillingness, they, one on each side, whipped poor Batty first to a trot, then to a canter, lastly to a gallop. They shouted and laughed, and then rode away looking over their shoulders, jeering at Batty's awkward hobble of a gallop, and at George, who, mindful of his mother's injunction, pulled the old horse up and would not allow him to be distressed.

George did not then know who the boys were: they were strangers in Wharfedale. But subsequently he knew them to be John and Charles Barton, sons of Sir John Barton, of London, the great banker. Their father had just then hired Wharfewood Hall, and removed to it with his family as a temporary summer residence.

Arrived at Appletreewick, George had to wait

more than an hour until the farmer came home from the fields to give him the bushel and a half of wheat. Meantime, a maid-servant in the farm-house,—a foolish maiden she must have been,—said all she could think of to make him afraid to go through Grassington Wood on his way home. She told him the story of the Grassington gibbet. If ever you travel through that part of Wharfedale, you will be sure to hear the story, at least if you mingle with the people of Grassington. So I may as well let you know what it is, and how much you are to believe of it.

About twenty years before the commencement of this story, a highwayman named Lee, familiarly called Tom Lee, a native of Wharfedale, was executed at York. He had killed a surgeon to whom he went to have a wound dressed. Some writers of books make highwaymen heroes. If I do not mistake, Tom Lee has been introduced into romances as a gallant, but unfortunate young gentleman. He was no such thing. He was an idle, worthless fellow, a farmer's son, who would do no work; who robbed both father and mother, and then went on the highway and robbed travellers.

One of the travellers whom he attacked was

a surgeon, who had been visiting a patient. In self-defence he wounded Lee with his heavy loaded riding-whip. Lee, not knowing who he was, went to him the next day to get the wound dressed. Finding he was recognized, he way-laid the surgeon the same night and murdered him, in the vain effort to avoid detection. All this was the conduct of a cowardly ruffian, not of an unfortunate hero.

After execution, his body was sent to Grassington to be gibbeted, according to the custom of that time. If you stand on the turnpike-road, on the west side of the Wharfe river, near to a large hawthorn-bush which grows there, you will see the spot where the gibbet stood, directly between you and the largest forest tree at the bottom of Grassington Wood.

One night, while the body hung in chains on the gibbet, some of the lead-miners,—many reside at Grassington,—were sitting late in a public-house. It was winter. The night was dark; the wind was howling down the chimneys; the Wharfe river rolled down the dale and roared in full flood. There was a little, a very little dim moonlight; but not a star to be seen. The miners were drinking ale, and had taken perhaps too much.

One said, "I wish Tom Lee were here." Another said, there was not a man in the company, nor in Grassington, who would go to the gibbet (it was from two to three miles distant, in a lonely place) and speak to him; no, not even Robin Longstrath.

Now, Robin Longstrath was a miner who professed to have no fear of anything, dead or alive, above the earth or under the earth. He wagered that he would go to the gibbet and do three things:—

First, he would say, "Tom, how are you to-night?"

Then, he would say, "Tom, take a sup of ale."

And, lastly, he would bring something to prove that he had been there.

He went. On arriving at the place he said, in a timid voice, "Tom, how are you to-night?"

A deep, hollow, fearful voice, answered:—"I am cold, very cold, Robin."

Robin Longstrath did not stay to ask if he would take some ale, much less to bring away anything. He found his way back to Grassington at the top of his speed. He had black hair when he set out; it was white when he

returned—blanched by the shock of terror, which had nearly paralysed him. He went out a strong man; and though not so fearless as he had believed himself, he yet possessed courage. But, now, he was as helpless as a child; and for weeks and weeks was little better than an idiot.

Who spoke to Robin Longstrath that night? Do you think it was the dead highwayman, or his spirit? Certainly not. It was one of Robin's companions, who with others had taken a different road to the place and arrived there before him. The others lay close at hand to bear that one company; and he answered Robin's question.

Our little George knew the story of Tom Lee having spoken from the gibbet to be the tradition of a trick. Yet when the maid of the farm-house at Appletreewick told it as true, and he recollected that he would have to go home by the bottom of Grassington Wood, he wished sincerely that Farmer Appletree would come soon and give him the bushel and a half of wheat, that he might get away and pass that place before night.

CHAPTER II.

FARMER APPLETREE came at last. Having measured the wheat, he put it in a sack; and tying the mouth of the sack, he divided the wheat, half to one end, half to the other end, and laid it across Batty's back. George sat on the top of it.

The kind farmer walked beside him for a long distance, talking about his mother and the mill, and the two cows and the pigs, and about lads, who had been once as humble in life as George, becoming eminent men by industry and careful conduct. "Who knows," said he, "what you may yet become if you be diligent in well-doing, and an industrious and dutiful son; for you know, George, you are the eldest, and as the head of the family must set a good example to your brothers and sister? There was once a miller's widow, my boy, left with a young family at Appletreewick, much like as your mother is left at Whaleybeck Mill. It is a long time ago—long before my time; but we read of it in history: it was early in the reign

of Elizabeth, Queen of England. The name of the family was Craven. William Craven, one of the boys, went by his mother's consent with some travelling chapmen to London. He rode on one of their pack-horses, above the pack, just as you do now on the sack and the wheat. Later in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that boy of Appletreewick was Lord Mayor of the great city of London, and once again he was Lord Mayor in the reign of James the First. He was made a knight, and called Sir William Craven. Either his son or grandson was made Earl of Craven, and their descendants are Earls of Craven to this day.

"Now, there were two good things known of Sir William Craven, which are worthy of being remembered by you, George. He obtained all his wealth and eminence by his own honourable industry and strict integrity in business; that is one thing. The second is, that, being neither a waster nor a miser, he, after providing well for his family, devoted a portion of his estate to assist others to have a fair start in the world. He saw that nothing, or but little, could be done without education, and founded schools.

"One of his schools exists for the education of

the youth of this parish, and all who may come from elsewhere, to this day. It has been a great benefit not only to this part of Wharfedale but to the whole country.

"But," continued Farmer Appletree, "education is only a means to an end. Eugene Aram is an instance of a boy who had a natural thirst for book learning, who pursued it and attained it under great disadvantages; yet who perished—morally and physically perished—because he did not strive to know and govern himself. He was the son of Peter Aram, of Ramsgill in Netherdale, just over that hill yonder behind Greenhow and the lead mines. He was born at Middlesmoor. His father had been a gardener near Ripon, at which place the boy got some schooling. The father came to Ramsgill to be employed about the mines, and Eugene, in his thirst for learning, came across those hills to Sir William Craven's school here, nine miles each way, morning and night. This, however, continued but a short time, as the distance was too great. At the age of sixteen he obtained the situation of a book-keeping clerk in London. Subsequently, while still young, he returned through ill-health

to Ramsgill, kept a school, teaching the rudiments of learning to boys, and himself studying the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee languages. However, with all his acquirements, he did not acquire a mastery over himself. He associated with persons who were not honest. With two of them, named Clarke and Houseman, he conspired to defraud tradespeople. Clarke, being in good credit, obtained quantities of valuable goods (silver plate and watches), and took them to a place called St. Robert's Cave, in the vicinity of Knaresborough. There Aram and Houseman met him by appointment; and there, quarrelling over the plunder, or from a desire to possess it all, they killed Clarke, and buried him in another cave.

"The murder was discovered. He and Houseman were accused, and tried at York Castle. The latter was acquitted; Aram was convicted. He was hanged at York. And so ended the life of a man who possessed good natural abilities, who loved learning, who was a diligent student of books; but who had not diligently studied his own self, nor learned to govern his unruly propensities and passions; and this is another story for you to remember, George, and profit by.

"I might tell of other men of Craven and Wharfedale," said Farmer Appletree, "the story of whose lives might guide or warn a youth like you. But it would be wrong to hold up as examples the men who have become rich, or have risen in the world to power, as if riches and power were the highest acquirements you could look to. 'Riches take wings unto themselves and fly away; but a pure conscience abideth as a treasure.' This is an old Chinese proverb. It is also found, with variations, in the Holy Scriptures, and in the proverbial sayings of nearly all nations. It must therefore be founded on a truth which has been a truth in all times and countries.

"And, George, do you know that your ancestors, the Dawsons, were once possessed of all that land which lies behind us to Bolton Priory, and beyond it; all the country of Nidderdale to far beyond Ripon and Fountains Abbey; all Wharfedale where we now stand. The whole of Craven was theirs. And Whaley-beck Mill, where your mother is now a poor widow, was first built by them. They lost all in the time of the wars of the Roses. Whether John Dawson of Nidderdale, the woolcomber; or Thomas Dawson of Middlesmoor, the stone-

mason; or William Dawson of Appletreewick, my shepherd; or Constance Dawson of Whaleybeck Mill, your mother, and in her right you yourself, be the person who would have held the dukedom of Norfolk and all those estates from Craven to Ripon, had they never been lost, is now uncertain. It is sometimes thought that your family is the most direct in descent, because it has always had in it the Christian names of George and Sydney, ancient names of the Lords of Dawson. But, my lad," said Farmer Appletree, earnestly and solemnly, "to be a man like John Dawson, the woolcomber of Nidderdale, who by his precept and example has saved many a man and woman from ruin, who has taught hundreds—thousands—of little children in the Sunday schools; who has drawn many a drunkard, swearer, and scoffer into a new and reformed course of life; to be that woolcomber is to be a happier man, a member of a more glorious order of chivalry, than was any Lord Sydney or Lord George Dawson that ever lived. Strive to be an upright, honest man, George, a kind and dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and an humble servant of God, and you will prosper, lad, take old Farmer Appletree's word for it.

Give my kindest compliments to your m
and say I will send her some planking
which to repair the mill-wheel, to-morrow

So saying, the kind farmer bade Georg
well and returned to Appletreewick. G
and old Batty hobbled homeward up W
dale.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD, kind Farmer Appletree did not know how much his account of the olden Dawsons would discompose George, else perhaps he would not have mentioned them.

"Lord George Dawson!" the boy repeated to himself. "How grand it sounds!"

Then he saw in the eye of his fancy his mother, who was often covered with mill-dust, and who wore thick wooden-soled clogs to go through the gutters to the pigs and cows, transformed to a richly-dressed lady, who looked so grand, so loving, so sweetly upon him! "But, no," said he, correcting this freak of his fancy, "she could not look more loving, more sweet if she were a duchess, than she does now —no, never."

As for himself, if he were a young duke, with great estates of land and pocketfuls of money, what would he do? He would assuredly not ride on such a horse as Batty; that was certain. He would either have beautiful ponies or horses; both, most likely. He would

have lovelier ponies even than those he saw the two well-dressed stranger boys riding on that day. But he would not, like those youths, molest a miller's boy and whip a poor old horse like Batty; not he. He knew though what he would do. He would ride over his estate, and if he found a widow with a mill, without corn to grind, he would give her money to buy corn. He would pay millwrights to repair her mill. He would give the eldest son of such a widow a sack of wheat to make into flour, and tell him to sell the flour in Skipton market, and with the price of it buy more wheat to make more flour. And that eldest son would get more and more wheat each time, until he had so large a trade that he would require journeymen millers, many horses and waggons, and a very large mill, perhaps more mills than one. And that master miller should build a new house for him and his mother, brothers, and sisters to live in; and his mother should live like a lady: her servants would go among the cows and pigs in wooden-soled clogs; she should live only in her parlour and her garden, among flowers and singing-birds, and make butter-cakes for tea. That was what he would do for a poor widow and her son, if he were

duke, and owned all the lands in Craven and over to Fountains Abbey and Ripon.

Such were some of the reveries of little George. But at last he said to himself, "I am not a duke, and never can be; Craven and all this land are not mine, and never can be: it is all lost time and a weariness to build such castles in the air. But," he continued, "it is not impossible for me to get the mill repaired. It is not impossible for me to have a sack of flour of my own to sell in Skipton market, and to get more wheat there to make more flour. It is not impossible for me to have money enough to build a large mill, and to have horses and waggons and journeymen millers. It is not impossible for me to make my mother rich enough to live like a lady in a new house, in her parlour and her garden, among flowers and singing-birds, with little work to do except making butter-cakes for tea. I shall try; that I am resolved. I shall not think more of being a duke; no, never."

Still, on future occasions, there came into George's head a passing vision of what he might have been had the Dawsons not lost their titles and estates, and had he been their heir.

The evening had passed so pleasantly, that,

on approaching Grassington, George for the first time observed that Batty had been going very slowly. The sun was set; over Kilsey Crag there was a heavy black cloud, overhead there was another. The space between was a green and red sky. The clouds gloomed as if each belonged to an angry tempest about to break over Craven and Wharfedale. In Grassington Wood, which now lay on his right hand and partly overshadowed him, there was hardly a sound, not even of the cushat dove. There was a low murmur in the river, and a rustle among the leaves of trees very near; but there was not a breath of wind, and why the leaves should quiver and rustle, he could not tell. He was now close to the place of the Grassington gibbet. Everything looked dark, solemn, and unlike a summer evening. He wished he were past the spot, or that some companion had been with him.

A flash of fire crossed his eyes, and the same instant the crack of something as loud as a gun stunned his ears. Batty started backward. The next moment a voice called "Stop!"

He tried to urge Batty on with heel and switch, but he would not move. He snorted, and looked with his one half-blind eye as if he

saw something which George could not discern with two good eyes.

"Stop!" said the voice again. After a pause, it continued:—"George Dawson, listen to thy doom! I am Tom Lee's spirit. I was hanged at York for being a robber, as you are; and a murderer, as you may yet be. I was chained to a gibbet in this spot as a warning to evil-doers. I come to warn you. Throw that wheat on the ground. Throw it away. It is a robbery and a wickèdness to take corn to grind at Whaleybeck Mill from Appletreewick. The grinding belongs to the mills down the dale. Throw your sack on the ground. Refuse, and I shall call upon the ghosts of millers and of bull-dogs to chase you, hunt you, and worry you to death!"

George did not throw the sack and the wheat to the ground; but he was terribly frightened. He heard chains rattle; and presently there was a growling of bull-dogs. Then there came a number of strange-looking creatures from behind trees and bushes, wearing for clothes, white sheets and mealy sacks! five or six of them, and two bull-dogs. One of the strange-looking creatures had fire and smoke about him. He put something under Batty's tail which exploded like gunpowder. The rest laid hold of

George, and would have pulled him to the ground; but Batty, sensible of the fire under his tail, and scared by the rattle of chains, and still more scared by feeling the dogs biting his heels, sprang forward, and forward—still forward. Nobody could have believed, who did not see it, how old Batty galloped. He carried off little George and the bushel and a half of wheat at a tremendous pace.

George heard the shouting behind him. He thought some of the voices sounded very like the shouts of the two youths whom he met earlier in the day. He was almost sure that the ghost which spoke to him was Long Danks, the eldest of the sons of the miller at Stepping-stone Mill; and was quite sure that among them he heard the voice of David Danks, a lad of nearly his own age.

What did he do? Was George deterred from going down Wharfedale for corn to grind by this trick? Not at all. The next time he went he took the dog Dusty with him (the watch-dog of the mill, which his poor father had thought so much of); he took Dusty with him, and it was well for the young Bartons, for the Dankses, or any one else, that they did not meddle with George Dawson when Dusty was within sight or call.

CHAPTER IV.

THE family had lived through the winter and spring, and summer had once more arrived. George Dawson had accomplished his first upward step. True, he had downward steps and new beginnings to make many, many times after this; yet he had made a beginning in the business which he had planned. With the counsel of kind Farmer Appletree to assist him, he sold several bags of oatmeal, and also coarse wheaten flour, in Skipton market. He sold them for ready money, and paid for the oats and wheat which Mr. Appletree had sold him on credit. Again, he got more grain, and took it to Whaley-beck Mill, the farmer lending a horse to go in the traces before Batty, to assist in drawing the loaded cart home.

By the summer of the following year, when George was fifteen years of age, he had purchased a new cart-horse, and went to Skipton market frequently. He and his mother had brought enough of business to the mill to keep it going every working day. But it was greatly out of

repair; indeed, to have done its work efficiently, the machinery should have been entirely renewed.

During the previous year, the family of Sir John Barton had been in Italy, for the benefit expected from change of air to Charles, the youngest son. But the change availed not; Charles died. This year the family returned to Wharfedale, Sir John being told, and truly enough, that Wharfedale had as pure air as Italy, and, for young people, it had air that was more invigorating. He therefore purchased the estate of Wharfewood Hall. This included the village of Steppingstone, also Steppingstone Mill (occupied by the Dankses), Whaleybeck Mill, the woods and moors, the great sheet of water called Whaley Tarn, and a long extent of fine meadow pastures in the dales.

There was some fear, but happily not well founded, that the health of Master John Barton was failing, as that of his deceased brother had. He was, in consequence, not sent to a public school. A private tutor was engaged to teach him the classics, and to attend him daily in riding and walking in the woods and upon the moors. David Danks was engaged as guide, and as a supplementary teacher of fishing,

hawking, and sporting; in which arts David greatly excelled.

The enmity of the Danks' family to the Dawsons increased as they saw the business of Whaleybeck Mill increase and grow larger. Though most of the increase arose from the enterprise and untiring industry of George, in making a new branch of mill trade, and not from taking old customers from other mills (Farmer Appletree only excepted), yet the jealousy of the Dankses was not the less. They were people who did not take pleasure, but, on the contrary, were pained at seeing any one thriving besides their own relatives. They rejoiced greatly at being the favourites of Sir John Barton's family, and at David being selected as the companion of young Master John. They had almost succeeded in persuading Sir John to turn the Dawsons out of Whaleybeck Mill and pull it down. He listened to them the more readily, because he had been asked to rebuild, or at least repair, the mill; and because, on survey, it was found to be in a condition of almost irreparable decay.

Moreover, Sir John heard a bad account of the Dawsons. The Danks' family told him that the father, when alive, had been an idle

fellow, who trained hawks to kill game, and that his sons were as bad. He was told that they killed the best of the fish, by netting and unfair means; that they plundered the eggs of game of every description, and sold them; and that no fish or game could thrive in their neighbourhood.

Had Sir John Barton taken the trouble to inquire about the industrious George Dawson and the true character of the cunning, game-poaching Dankses, he, as a man of business—a banker—would have selected the former for his favours and the companions of his son. But he was too deeply engaged in business, his visits to Wharfedale too short, and his son too much under the influence of David Danks, to take this step; and the tutor was too much a student of books, and unlearned in mankind—even the simple mankind of Wharfedale.

The tutor was delicate in health. Though his duty was to accompany his pupil everywhere, and never lose sight of him, he was, from physical inability, obliged to sit down in the woods and rest, and allow Danks to lead the youth wherever their vagrant fancies might suggest.

One day they left the tutor with his book

reading and resting in the wood, and wended their way above the crags to the moors. Arrived at Whaley Tarn, a lake of water, partly natural, partly artificial, David Danks informed his young master that he had prepared "some capital sport for him; such rare fun as he had never seen since he came to Wharfedale." Anything that was "capital sport," or "rare fun," was welcome to Master John Barton as to other boys.

To comprehend it fully, we must take a glance at the Dawsons, and see what they were doing on this day.

They were all up early—up by four o'clock in the morning. The birds and the bees were up as soon, singing and making honey; the birds happy, and full of song and love; the bees too busy for songs of love, but full of the music of diligence.

George had procured boards to repair the water-wheel; also iron bolts and screws; an auger; a saw, nails, hammer, chisels, and other tools. It was called an "overshot" wheel. It was set with steps or buckets all round its circumference, and the water was led to it from the mill-race over the top, in a long, shallow, wooden trough. The bottoms of the

buckets had rotted until the water fell through many of them, and made the motion of the machinery uncertain and inefficient.

In the first place, George went up the ravine (or gill, as it is locally termed), and turned off the water from the mill-race by the sluice erected for that purpose. This being done, Sydney and William could not resist the desire to capture some of the trout which were left in the shallow pools of the race. Their elder brother said they must not fool away time, on such a busy day as this, in trout-taking. Yet Sydney caught a few, and their mother laid them away in a cool place for dinner.

George sawed all his boards to the proper lengths, and cleared off the rotten timber and slimy moss from the old wheel. Sidney remained at home from school on this day, to assist in handing the boards into the pit; and also to clean the greasy sockets of the machinery inside, to prick out the perforations in the plate-iron lining of the barley-mill, and to clear out the dust generally.

At six o'clock they went in to breakfast. To his mother's inquiry, George said "he would do the whole of the repairs that day; indeed he thought that, having Sydney to assist, he should

finish them by dinner-time; if so, he should get the mill set on in the afternoon, and get the meal made, to-day and to-morrow, in time for Skipton on Saturday."

His mother thought, that as they were now so busy with the mill, having so much grinding, and George so much hard work, Sydney had better not go to school again, at least for that year.

"Now, mother," said George, "don't mention that—pray don't. I can manage all the work, with you to look to the mill when I am away; and all the better that Sydney goes to school. Because, do you see, his schooling is the making of me. I have got Reduction, Rule of Three, Practice, and Decimals from him. I find them of use every day, particularly at Skipton. I can reckon my accounts in the market before almost any one I deal with. No, mother; don't take Sydney from school yet."

"I wish William could go to school," she said; "but with the cows to keep out of that garth about which our new landlord is so particular, and out of our own potato croft, and from the oat ridges, I do not see how he is to be spared."

"Nor I mother; he cannot be spared," re-

joined George. "But Sydney can go to school and bring the learning here. I'll go to market and bring the corn. We'll make learning and make meal. The beauty of the learning is, that one can take from another, and the other have as much as he had before."

"And more," said Sydney; "more, I assure you. I have understood my arithmetic better; and I am sure I have written a better hand since I commenced to give lessons to George. You see it is like learning and saying one's lessons all over again."

"Mother, I think we shall all get on famously now," said George; "I see nothing to hinder us. I have often thought, when I have looked at you, slaving and working for us all, that I should like to see you with not so much upon your hand and upon your mind. I have thought I might at some time see you sitting in your parlour, looking out upon a flower-garden, and listening to singing birds; with nothing to do but water your flowers, feed your canaries, and make cakes and puddings for us. And I think now that such a time for you, and us, is not far off."

"You are a good boy, George," said his mother; "you are all good children to me.

I could never sit and be idle; my pleasure and greatest delight is, and always has been, to have you all happy about me——"

Perhaps she would have said more; but her eyes moistened, and her voice was silent."

"Well; but this is not the way to get on," said George, the breakfast being now over. "We must all to work; this is not a day to talk."

George returned to the mill-wheel; Sydney to the mill; their mother fed her pigs and fowls and prepared the churn and the cream, for it was the day of the week for churning. William drove the cows up the water-side, to a narrow margin of meadow, where they grazed with much contentment and enough of grass. Constance, his little sister, tripped with him. He made a bower of rushes, and a seat in it of green moss, upon which she sat weaving a wreath of flowers. She sat, a little queen, ruling her one subject—her obedient, affectionate, brother William. The rivulet, shallow, and clear as a looking-glass, wimpled past her bower at no greater distance than twenty of her own footsteps. The buttercups dipped into it, and the daisies almost. So did the flowers called milk-maids, the ground ivy and the harebells. William and Constance trod upon

flowers and soft grass all day. They knew of birds' nests, and the birds knew them; the birds knew them to be friends, and came and hopped before Constance and picked up the crumbs she threw them. It was a lovely morning of a warm July. Of all the sweet dells of dear old England there was not one that looked more sweet and blessed than this, on that bright summer's day.

And now for David Danks, John Barton, and Whaley Tarn.

I have said Whaley Tarn was a lake, partly natural, partly artificial. It varied in width from three hundred yards to a mile. It was a mile and a half long. It had three sluices in those portions of its embankments which were artificial, at three distant points; their purpose being to let out and regulate a supply of water, to three different rivulets which ran through the estate of Wharfewood Hall,—these rivulets (or becks as they are locally termed) being liable to be nearly dried up in seasons of severe drought, to the injury or extinction of the trout, and to the stoppage of the mills. A former proprietor of Wharfewood had constructed the embankments and sluices of the Tarn, in such manner as to let down a supply of water into

all or any of those rivulets when required. In wet weather, the sluices were closed until the Tarn water rose to a certain height, above which it was not permitted to rise, lest its pressure upon the embankments might become dangerous. The Dankses were charged with the keeping of the sluice keys, for the regulation of the water. They thus had the power of annoying the Dawsons in very dry weather, by restricting the supply to Whaleybeck Mill. On more than one occasion George had gone to the Tarn, and taking the iron winch, or key from the place of deposit where it usually lay, had let a flow of water into Whaleybeck, sufficient for the motion of his mill-wheel. This as you may suppose, led to fresh opposition from the millers of Steppingstone Mill.

About a week before the day at which we are now arrived, David Danks conceived a project, the commencement of which was to shut down all the sluices. It rained heavily then, and it had continued to rain nearly ever since. No one had been up to the Tarn; none but himself knew that the sluices were closed. The "capital sport," the "rare fun," which he now proposed for the amusement of Master John, was to open the sluice which supplied

the Whaley rivulet—open it to the uttermost, and let down a flood upon the Dawsons. On trying, however, with the winch to open the sluice, the united strength of both of them was insufficient to raise the Whaley sluice, so great was the pressure from the unusual height of the water. The Tarn was full; it was lapping with the wind almost over the embankment. Had the inhabitants of the dales below, at Steppingstone Village, and Mill, especially as also at Whaleybeck Mill, known the magnitude of the danger which had threatened them for several days and nights, and on this day as much as ever, they would not have slept in their beds, or followed their daily avocations, or trusted their lives and property further to the discretion of young Danks.

But no; he and John Barton could not raise the sluice, try as they would. What should they do? David knew what he could do. At the peat moss, where they had been cutting peat last week for fuel, before the weather broke, the peat spades were left. They would each get a spade. The water was almost level with the embankment. It was fifteen feet higher than ever it was allowed to be before. They would soon dig a trench to let it run

over; the earth was soft, David said he knew that; and also he knew that if a stream was once begun, it would soon deepen a channel for itself.

No sooner suggested than done. The spades were present and at work in twenty minutes. In half an hour more, the trench was made sufficiently deep for a run of water which almost carried Master John off his feet. It required no more digging; it deepened and widened itself. In ten minutes it was wider and deeper than either of them dared to take as a leap. In fifteen minutes more, the rush, the roar, the fall into the Whaleybeck was more than they had courage to stand and look upon.

They ran downward to the wooded ravine, taking their way on tops of crags more than a mile long. It was well for their lives that they left the Tarn when they did. They had not gone half a mile, when the embankment gave way in a prodigious mass; and the liberated waters issued from their prison in a body—twenty feet high, fifty yards wide—sweeping away and tearing up trees, overthrowing rocks, and destroying everything before them.

Danks and Barton ran; but the faster they went, the roar of the flood behind sounded the

louder, as larger and still larger volumes of water issued into the ravine. They, by going straight across the several promontories, which the flood required to make a round of, gained considerably on the destroyer, in distance.

Arrived on the crag opposite to, and high above the level of Widow Dawson's Mill, they called at the top of their voices—"There's a flood coming! fly for your lives!" And again—"The Tarn! The Tarn is broken out! fly for your lives!"

It was the only act of theirs, on that day, which had one grain of good in it.

George Dawson was down in the pit, in the interior of the water-wheel, nailing boards on the bucket bottoms. Sydney was inside the mill, cleaning some parts of the machinery. He heard the shouting of voices, and speaking to George through the opening in which lay the great axle, the lying shaft of the mill, George raised himself upon the wet, slimy arms of the wheel, and looking out of the pit, said:—"It's only those idle knaves, John Barton and young Danks, calling that there's a flood coming; that the Tarn is broken out; to fly for our lives."

"The Tarn," responded Sydney; "the Tarn broken out! not likely!"

George, descending to the bottom of the pit, resumed his hammer, which re-echoed with a sound that shut out all else from his ears. Sydney continued his employment. He again heard the boys on the top of the crag shouting; but, treating them as worthless knaves, he paid no further attention. He listened once or twice to an unusual sound up the ravine in the woods, but thought the wind had risen, and commenced knocking the dust out of the boards of the barley-mill, which made a noise loud enough to drown all other sounds outside.

Widow Dawson was in the house, still busy with her churning. She too thought, by the sound far up in the woods, that the wind had risen. She listened to the voices on the top of the crags, and heard the words, "The Tarn is broken out; fly for your lives!" But she did not believe the Tarn was broken, or could break out.

Yet something—an instinct of fear, or an inspiration—led her across the narrow strip of meadow land, upward in the ravine to where William was with the cows, and where little Constance played among daisies. Her impulse was to see and enjoy the sight that they were safe, not that she believed in actual danger.

The sound which she had taken for wind became louder; louder still—far louder than any wind that she ever heard. It rose to thunder, and more awful than thunder. She ran, she rushed, I may say she flew, across the narrow meadow. As she came within view of the great linn, a fall of seventy feet, there was such a sight as she, as woman, as mother, never stood witness to before, in Wharfedale, The flood was bursting over the linn, hurling down trees and rocks—rocks as large as houses.

Her children! "Heaven!" she cried, "save my children!"

The flood had not yet reached the daisy green, and the child Constance! William had climbed the bank, and a high shelf of rock on the face of the crag, to see what it was that made the unusual noise in the wood. He for the moment by this act was safe.

And little Constance was she not safe? She was in her mother's arms.

But the deluge; why did it not sweep mother and child away? Why was not that narrow meadow of green, with its buttercups and daisies, and upon which she was still an atom of life, why was it not swallowed up by the mighty, raging river of destruction? The

deluge had more than time to be there since it first came over the linn, what delayed it?

What, but the rolling together of up-torn trees, of dislodged rocks, the mighty obstruction of wreck, which stretched, rose, swelled, extended through a gorge of the ravine?—that wreck of rocks and trees stood with a back to the deluge.

Only for a minute, only until destruction paused. Down came the surges! rocks, trees, and all.

Why is she—why is Widow Dawson and her child—when she had time to run and be safe—why is she now borne away like a leaf upon the foam?

She stood, she cried, she ran she knew not whither. She ran to find, to save her William —her boy! She perceived not that he was perched aloft, petrified with fear, yet safely perched aloft on the high shelving crag.

Ah! woman, mother, hapless Widow Dawson, what a day is this?

She is swept by the deluge onward on its foaming crest as lightly as a leaf—as helpless. But still she holds her child.

And now the flood is once more stemmed in a gorge. Destruction makes another pause,

takes breath to give a stronger blow. This gorge is close beside the mill, but many yards under it in level. The wreck to which she clings is raised to the level of the rock on which stands the mill. Another minute, or half a minute, of accumulation, and she will be as high as the mill roof.

No; the flood bursts. It bursts under her, and leaves her on her tree; it rushes, roars, downward, onward, and still on! The trees which were borne aloft at the last stemmage remain stretched from rock to rock, the mighty surges of the waters of death rolling, raging underneath.

The mill! Eagerly, wildly, like a mother distraught as she is, her eyes are upon the mill. So is the flood. The mill-race had brought a mad stream to the wheel before she came in sight of it. And now, the wheel turns, speeds round, as it never turned or sped before.

Her son! George, her son; her hope, her stay, where is George?

Alas! too truly he is where she dreads. He is in the pit, the companion of that fearful wheel. He is within it. He rolls with it round and round: now his head uppermost, now his feet, yet clinging to the arms of the wheel;

now grasping for breath, now choked with water; calling for help, but no one is nigh able to help him. Poor, unfortunate George!

Sydney, where is he?

He would stop the water-wheel and extricate George if he could; but cannot. Fruitless effort to break the old troughs which lead on the water; he cannot break them to cut it off. The wheel goes faster; faster still: the mill is on fire! The impetuous motion of iron, stone, timber, dry dust, machinery disengaged, disordered, and madly whirled round until red-hot, has set the mill and all it contains on fire.

Is there so much water, so vast a flood, and not enough to quench the conflagration and save the mill? Sydney labours in the effort; but in vain.

The crackling of the fire, the upshoot of flame, the smothering smoke, the still rising flood, and the roar of its wrath, all are mingled together. If there be one glimpse of hope in Sydney's wilderness of mind at this moment, it is that the rising flood is stopping the wheel. He may yet save George; he hears his voice still calling for help.

Sydney calls upon his mother for help. He

knows not where she is, but in his anguish he implores her to come. He calls her again and again. Her voice, he thinks he hears it,—but where?

There! there, on those trees across the torrent. There she still clings with the child Constance on her arm. Fire beside her, smoke over her; the wild torrent rising almost to her feet; her children, her all, going to destruction!

"Merciful God!" cries Sydney, "save my mother!"

He cried no more. He stood aghast, mute, with terror transfixed. The greatest outbreak of the Tarn had arrived. It had come and gone. The burning mill had hissed for a moment, and disappeared. So also his mother, his sister, his brother, the mill-wheel, the stable, the barn, old Batty, the new cart-horse, Dusty the dog, the pigs—everything but the dwelling-house; and it would have gone too had it not stood twenty yards higher than the site of the mill.

But Sydney, why stands he wringing his hands in despair? Is this the day of the end of all things, the last day, and he the last being left alive?

Can he do nothing? Shall he do nothing but wring his hands? Yes; he seizes the first things to hand, a hay-rake, a rope, and down by the edge of the flood he runs, he tears for himself a way through bushes and over palings. He sees the mill-wheel, hardly above water, yet floating and visible. He sees Dusty the dog upon it, and—is it true, or is he deceived? —it is!—Dusty has hold of George by the neck of his shirt, and George is yet alive; for he sees him wave his arm.

Fast, fast does Sydney run. There is an eddy, He throws the rope; alas! George cannot catch it; he is too far gone. But the wheel comes nearer in the eddy. Sydney dashes out the hay-rake, pulls the wheel to the side, and drags George to land; leaves him and goes on; he runs still onward, with his rope and rake, and Dusty with him, to look for his mother.

Sydney sees her not. But he prays; she taught him to pray. He runs still onward. He calls, in his distress, "Merciful God, save my mother!"

The mercy of God was with them all.

Widow Dawson and her child were carried into the River Wharfe, still upon their tree, and there floated gently ashore upon a

meadow. They saw old Batty swim to land near them. He neighed when they called for help, but it was not in his nature to do more. People who came up Wharfedale, alarmed by the sudden issue of the flood from Whaley-beck, assisted in restoring the sufferers to convalescence. William was removed from his solitary perch upon the rock. The cows had saved themselves, so had one of the pigs, and so had the fowls. Two pigs and George's new cart-horse were drowned in the flood.

And what said David Danks and John Barton to their morning's work of "capital sport?"

Barton said he wished with all his heart it had not been done. Danks said he did not think Sir John Barton would build another mill there, at least he hoped not.

They said something more; but before they knew the conclusion of the catastrophe, and fearful of being suspected, detected and punished, they ran away. They went up through the woods and out upon the moors, afraid to meet anybody, almost afraid to look each other in the face; cowards both of them, but Danks the most cowardly. John Barton again and again expressed his deep concern and sorrow

for what they had done. Danks only hoped their guilt would not be found out.

Where to go, what to do, they knew not. So they wandered on, a prey to their guilty and accusing consciences.

CHAPTER V.

In the moor, about a mile from the Tarn, but at a much lower elevation, near the head of Steppingstone beck, there is a chasm—a profound abyss called Turley Pot. It is little more than four yards wide at the mouth. There is an irregular circle of huge stones at the distance of thirty yards, or thereabouts, and within the stones on one side is a sloping bank of grass, ling, and heath. Nearer the verge of the Pot, on that side, are some scrubby bushes and a few stones, the remnant of a former wall, which had probably been erected around the frightful mouth of this Pot for the protection of sheep. Subsequently a fence was erected to restrain all sheep and cattle from approaching nearer than the outermost circle of stones.

Though only four yards wide at the mouth, the Pot widens to unknown dimensions in its descent. It used to be said that if St. Paul's could be floated on the unfathomable water at the bottom of this awful abyss, and if the London Monument which towers above that

great city were placed on the top of St. Paul's, the Monument would hardly reach to the mouth of Turley Pot. St. Paul's is 404 feet, and the Monument 202 feet in height. The depth of Turley Pot would thus be 606 feet, or 202 yards!

Recent measurements have proved that estimate to be nearly correct—rather under than over the truth.

But the depth of water at the bottom has never been fathomed; it is still a mystery. Half way down, a subterranean river pours into the Pot, and falls with a mighty plunge into the unfathomed depths. Few persons dare go close enough to the brink to look down. If they do, they hear the smothered roar of a distant cataract; they feel a suffocation from the ascending vapour; they see nothing but blackness; imagine nothing but that this is the pit of doom—the native dwelling-place of death.

I have said the bank slopes on one side *to* the mouth of the Turley Pot. It slopes *from* it on the other side. In fact, Turley Pot opens its mouth on the side of an uneven, declining ground.

On the day of the destruction of Whaleybeck

Mill, David Danks and John Barton (when they ran to the moors to wander like cowards, and contrive what untruths they should tell) discovered that a considerable flood of water had branched off from the outbreak in the Tarn, and gone in the direction of Turley Pot. They traced it, and observed that it had spread and diffused itself into the ground a little above and around the Pot mouth. They went within the circular fence, to see if it had run in. As they came out they saw at no great distance two men whom they wished to avoid. To do this they returned and hid themselves among the long rank heath. The men looked over the fence, but seeing no one, said, "They are not here." They said something more; but the fugitives only heard the words, "Young Barton may escape out of the country; his father is rich, and he may take Danks with him; if he don't take him, the end of Danks will be——"

Danks did not hear what they said his end would be, in the event of his not escaping out of the country. The two men went away.

The fugitives did not know if they were gone. Afraid to rise or look up, they lay crouched, close upon the ground, more than an

hour. Danks said "we must be true to one another; and, above all, we must keep to one story."

"Ah!" said Barton, "and what must that be?"

"Well this," replied Danks: "we must tell that we saw George Dawson go to the Tarn to let out water, as he had done before, though forbidden to do it. We must tell that we saw him take a spade and dig a trench, and let the water run through the bank, and that we can only suppose the bank was thus washed away. George Dawson, no doubt, is drowned; so is his mother; so perhaps are all the Dawsons. Who is to prove that we did it? Nobody saw us."

God saw them! although they thought not of it; two men saw them, although they knew it not."

"We cannot be punished for it," continued Danks. "Whatever happens, I shall keep by you and save you if I can."

"And whatever happens, I shall be your friend," replied Barton. "Nothing shall part us; we will be like brothers for ever. But what nonsense it is! we cannot be punished. No eye looked upon us to know that we did it."

The eye of God looked upon them!

"Mind, we share alike in whatever happens," Danks again urged.

"Whatever threatens you, or happens to you," said Barton, "I will share it." If I don't, may the earth open and swallow me up!"

"And if I don't be true to you," said Danks, "may the earth swallow me this moment also!"

They raised their heads cautiously, slowly, to see if they were watched. But what did they see? They saw that while they had been crouching among the heather, a wide slip of land had occurred. It had carried them with it. They were in all probability over the mouth of the Turley Pot at that moment!

They saw this; but did not know that it was the fruit of their own mischief. The flood which had come from the Tarn to this place had sunk into the clayey, mossy soil, and had dissevered the adhesion of the soil to the smooth rock below.

Which way should they go? where were they?

The cracking—the opening earth told them their frightful position. Their heads were a yard out of the Pot mouth; their feet hanging in. The turf, which a moment before covered it, sank and went down; their feet were over the brink!

The land-slip was still in motion. Another minute, or less, and it would carry them into the fearful abyss!

Danks made a desperate effort—despair was his strength—to reach a tuft of grass by which he might pull himself up. He cried to Barton, who had seized hold of him, "Let go!" And he kicked Barton violently off in the hope of saving himself.

An instant more, and Danks was the farthest over the brink. Barton caught hold of a bush. His companion laid hold of his legs.

Barton said, "Hold fast by me, Danks! If one goes, let us share alike!"

Danks, intent only on saving himself, clutched at the bush, but it came away.

Now, their knees were over the brink; the heathy turf to which they clung came in: it came sliding, slowly, gradually in.

It snapped, broke off, went down. Danks and Barton went down with it;—down, out of daylight; down, through blackness; down, through emptiness; down, past roaring cataracts; down, through suffocation; down, without a bottom; down, down, still down; plunging at last into an invisible, bottomless whirlpool!

Round and round it spun them, locked in a deadly embrace, and at last threw them out upon a ledge of rock.

Dead?—No.

It is, however, impossible to say why they were not; excepting that their outraged, but still merciful, Heavenly Father accorded them a little while for repentance before they appeared before Him.

CHAPTER VI.

It is the morning of the second day after the inundation. The express sent to London for Sir John and his lady may bring them during the ensuing night or to-morrow, should it reach them in London. But perhaps they are in Wales, or in Scotland, or in France.

John Barton and Danks of course were missed, and scouts were sent out in all directions. One of them brought back the startling intelligence that the land immediately around the Pot had slipped, and added that he had no doubt whatever that the boys had gone down with it to the bottom. When eagerly pressed to give some reason for this opinion, he produced a cap which was recognized as belonging to Danks, and which he had picked up close by the Pot.

If Sir John and his lady were here, what could they do more than the tutor has done? He has promised money to any amount to those who may recover his lost pupil, as he wept and wrung his hands.

Such is the grief of the tutor, his passionate sorrow and fear, for the effect which the intelligence may have upon Sir John and his lady, that he would leap into the mighty abyss to repair the loss which he frantically attributes to his own negligence, could such a sacrifice make reparation.

Poor tutor! The people think him out of his mind, and dangerous to himself.

It is the morning of the third day. For twenty miles or more around Wharfewood Hall every hamlet is filled with voices or is deserted. Cottages, barns, mills, fields, smithies, looms—all have been thrown into disorder by sleepless nights and the broken labour of days. Men, women, and children, assemble around the Turley Pot, upon the vacant place of Whaley-beck Mill, in the house of the Widow Dawson, on the rocks above her desolate dwelling-place, and by the ruins of the Tarn sluices, but chiefly near to the Turley Pot. They listen for sounds at the mouth of the chasm, but hear nothing save the subterranean cataract.

Every one wishes that Sir John were come, though were he here he could do nothing more than has been done.

Coal-miners were brought the first night by

William Danks, from beyond Bradford, and about Dewsbury, but they have done nothing. Nor have they spoken, except to remark what might be done had they a steam-engine and tackle over the mouth of the Turley Pot.

It has been suggested that the miners accustomed to the Durham and Northumberland pits are more adventurous than the Yorkshiremen. Six of these northern men have been found at a Yorkshire pit, and are now here, They came yesterday. They spoke boldly when they came. They laid a platform across the mouth of the black abyss. They have, with Wharfedale wheelwrights, laboured all night and erected a windlass. Carts have brought ropes from Leeds, and such baskets as the miners suggested. They have rope enough, and everything which they at any time said might be required. But they do not now speak boldly. They listen to the roar of the subterranean cataract.

All six of them are now of opinion that they are required to work on the platform. They put stones in a basket and let it down a great depth, and draw it up. Again they let it down still deeper. They say it is at the bottom. They reverse the windlass to draw it up, but it

remains immoveable. Again they try, and in half an hour the basket comes up without the stones. The six northern miners are more strongly of opinion that none of them can be spared from the windlass to go down.

Some people think an effort would be made were Sir John Barton here. Others think not. Nearly all say the boys must have been dashed to pieces in their descent, or must be drowned, if not dashed to pieces. A few contend that as the Turley Pot widens from its mouth downward, they might not strike on any harder substance than water, and that as both could swim, they may be alive. As long as there is a bare possibility of saving their lives, it is urged that no effort should be spared to rescue them. But who is to go down unless a volunteer is found?

What! among all the crag-climbers of Kettlewell, of Craven, of Longstrathdale, and Wharfedale—of all the boys and the men who from childhood climb the crags for young falcons, and swing perilously at the end of ropes over the mighty rocks—is there not one to volunteer to go down the Turley Pot?

But the Turley Pot is more perilous and frightful than climbing the crags in open day-

light. It is black and deep, and fearfully mysterious. It has the reputation of being the mouth of the bottomless pit. Few may really believe this, yet the frightful name deepens the profundity of the gloom and the aversion of the crag-climbers to enter it.

But is there no volunteer? Yes; there was one yesterday, and he volunteers again to-day. Yesterday his mother pleaded, implored him on her knees not to do it, prayed him not to name it, entreated him not to think of it.

He did not disobey her. But he asked her to imagine herself the mother of a boy lost in the Turley Pot—the mother of a son who might yet be alive in it. And he asked her if some person offered to go down to rescue her son, would she not be joyful? and, if the son were rescued, would she not be a happy, a very happy mother, who would pray as long as she lived for the well-being of him who delivered her boy from such a pit of death?

Widow Dawson has this day consented. In half an hour from the present time (it is now nine o'clock in the morning), George will take his place in the basket, with matches, tinder, flint and steel, fuel, and refreshment of food. He will in half an hour go down, even

if Farmer Appletree do not arrive by that time.

* * * * *

The half hour has elapsed. Farmer Appletree has come. He has inspected the windlass and the coil of rope. In obedience to the injunction of George's mother, he has taken charge of all the men and the apparatus. He has spoken privately to George, words unheard by all save themselves and Sydney.

He tells him he is about undertaking a forlorn hope, and that it is more than doubtful whether he will ever be seen again by the eyes of men; he begs him to commit himself to the Almighty's holy keeping, and promises that if disaster befals him he will take the whole of the Dawsons under his roof and treat them with a father's care. He strains George to his heart, and silently implores the protection of heaven for him. Sydney throws himself on his brother's neck, and they embrace each other with affection. Now George raises his head with confidence, and in reply to a question walks with an erect and serene air to the mouth of the Pot, and tells them he is prepared.

A murmur of sympathy, of admiration, rises

upon the still air, and even the sturdy miners find it necessary to draw their brawny arms across their eyes, for there is not one there but considers that George is about to descend to a living tomb, perhaps to a sudden and horrible death.

It is now twenty-five minutes to ten o'clock. George is in the basket. They begin to lower. He goes down, slowly—very slowly as yet. Does his heart sink within him? No; but he prays for courage and strength.

"Stop!" the people exclaim; "Stop!" and he has given the signal of "halt" with his signal line. What occasions this?

It is Dusty the dog. Sydney thought to hold Dusty, but all his strength could not do it. The dog has broken from him, has sprung into the Turley Pot, upon George's shoulders, and almost—oh! it makes one shudder—almost overbalanced and sent him to the horrible bottom.

Yet, good dog; faithful friend of George! it is well that you are his companion, else never more might he return to see the light of the sun in this life!

They unwind, and the basket descends far out of sight. Slowly, steadily, the rope is un-

wound from the windlass. Anxiously do Farmer Appletree and Sydney, and all of them, watch the small line for signals, but there is no sign. The rope still goes steadily down. Eighty-five fathoms are reeled off, and three-quarters of an hour are spent. Still there is no signal of "stop," or "danger," or "draw up."

* * * * *

One hour all but four minutes has elapsed, and ninety-seven fathoms of rope are unwound. It might have been done in a much shorter time, but they have worked the windlass slowly to give George Dawson a fair opportunity of signalizing them before he descended into water or foul air. One hundred fathoms are out, and the basket is found to stop in its descent. The same length of rope exactly is down which was unwound when the stones went out of the basket. The miners remark this to each other by their looks, but say nothing.

The small line is jerked by George three times. This means to "pull up." They turn the windlass, but it only tightens the rope; nothing is gained. Again the rope is jerked three times. They fear that George is in peril of drowning or suffocation, and force the windlass with all their strength. But they cannot move

it. One jerk is given; it is the signal to "lower," and they obey. Again there are three distinct jerks, and they force the windlass with levers, yet cannot raise the rope a foot.

Farmer Appletree urges them to use more strength. The miners say if they do they will fracture the rope. The sign of "draw up" is repeated more distinctly and quickly than before. Sydney and Mr. Appletree are sure now that George is in imminent peril. They work at the windlass, and urge the men to still further exertion. Everybody heaves; and suddenly the windlass turns and the rope comes home. They wind faster and faster;—Sydney and Mr. Appletree hoping to see George and Dusty all safe presently; but the miners fearing the worst; the rope is too light. It comes home. Its end is in sight, fractured, severed, with no basket, no George, no dog!

They attach another basket, and let it down fast and faster, until another hundred fathoms of rope are out, and it stops, or is supposed to stop, for they are uncertain. Another signal line was lowered with it; but no sign is made. Nothing will keep Sydney from going down, he says, if the basket were only raised again.

He implores them to raise it that he may descend. But they say, although they turn their faces away, that George will not then find it.

* * * *

What is to be done? hours have passed, and no sign is made from below: they bring up the basket, for a miner says, come what may, he will go down; he descends; but he has not passed the great cataract when he gives the sign to be drawn up. Sydney would make the venture, but they will not allow him.

The day passes, and the next night. Sir John and Lady Barton have arrived. The basket and signal line have been down continually, and anxiously watched, but no sign has been made. Sydney is found to be in a brain fever. No other person will go down, not for all that Sir John Barton offers for the recovery of his son.

The fourth day passes, and the night. The fifth day and fifth night in like manner. No sign is made from below, and no human being will adventure down. The belief prevails that a curse is in the Turley Pot, and certain death awaits all who enter it.

Sydney Dawson is delirious, and his mother

almost distracted. She reproaches herself as the destroyer of George. The loss of the mill by the flood is a light matter compared with the loss of her son in this dreadful pit; and he to have gone into it by her own consent. Oh! if she had not consented! She moans, weeps, wanders from Whaleybeck to the Turley Pot, asking for news or hopes of George, but no one, as yet, gives her a word of hope.

A stranger will presently visit Mrs. Dawson, and inquire if the dog which went with George be the watch-dog which her late husband obtained from the relations of "Nat Dicks" after he was transported for horse-stealing, and on her replying that it is, the stranger will tell her that there is hope; he will add, that the dog has been at the bottom of the Turley Pot many a time before. This stranger has, however, not yet been seen by Mrs. Dawson.

Sir John and Lady Barton have arrived from London. All their distress, all their wealth, all their promises of reward (and no one doubts a promise of Sir John Barton), cannot induce a miner or any one else to venture down the Turley Pot. But people say, that they have seen (though we have not seen) a stranger in conversation with Sir John and his lady,

and that they are eagerly listening to what he says.

While this person is closeted with the unhappy father and mother of lost John Barton, let me carry you back to the day when George Dawson made his descent.

For the present, I am a magician who could take you into the closet, and show you the lady, the baronet, and the stranger; I could let you know every word they utter, every thought which passes within them. But I prefer to convey you to the caverns at the bottom of the Turley Pot. I wave my magic wand and—

We are arrived. Listen to the unseen water, dashing down, somewhere near. Whether it be before, or behind, on the right, or on the left of us, who can tell in this impenetrable darkness? Let us creep on hands and knees, and grope for a knowledge of this dismal place.

Look up. There is a speck of dark-blue light, and a glimmering star in it. On looking more steadily we can see several stars in that round patch of blue, although it is not apparently larger than a plate.

What is this we feel with our hands on the damp floor of this profound cavern? I feel a

foot, two feet, a body covered with clothes; the clothes a jacket, trousers, waistcoat; a head, the hair wet; the face—the face is warm. This human body is alive; it lies on its side, face turned up, and gazes upon that speck of dark-blue.

Is it alone? Let us grope on the stones around it.

Here is another. This is Danks. I know him by his leather leggings. He does not reach so near the edge of that unseen flood (which you may feel with your hand rushing past in a torrent) as enables him to see the speck of light; but his companion to see that light reaches his head over the ledge of rock which bounds this rushing torrent, and David Danks holds him by one foot, with a convulsive gripe. The impulse in David's mind is less a desire to save John Barton from falling into the torrent, than fear of being left alone.

They speak. Listen: "Shall we never get out alive?" says Danks.

"I have replied many hundreds of times that we can never get out alive or dead."

"It was all your doing," says Danks.

"Perhaps it was, or at least I was as bad as you; but instead of accusing one another, let

us pray to be forgiven. Let us pray for a speedy death, that our suffering here may be short, and for salvation after death."

"No, Master John, please don't pray for a speedy death. I am very hungry, but I would rather live."

"I would rather die now that all hope is past, rather than suffer a lingering death," rejoined Barton.

"How long," asked the other, "have we been here?"

"This, if I mistake not the departure and return of that blue speck, is the third day," said Barton; "but I am not quite certain if I be correct. Within this hour it has departed and reappeared several times, and now I cannot see it. I see it again. Now it is smaller. Now it is larger. I see a flash of light. The flash of light is not far above us. It must be lightning and thunder in the caverns, or an earthquake. I heard something this instant like a rock from above plunge into the water."

"I am afraid of lightning and thunder, and earthquakes," said Danks.

"So am I," said Barton; "and of all places to see them this is the worst. But," continued he, "what is it to see lightning, or hear thun-

der, to going face to face with the Almighty, if we do not obtain forgiveness of our sins; and face to face in another world with George Dawson, whom we have killed; perhaps to see, also, his mother, brothers, and sister?—how shall we face their accusing spirits?"

"I shall not face them," replied Danks; "I do not want to face them; I would rather live without victuals than die; oh, I cannot die!"

Something laid hold of Danks by the foot. He knew it could not be Barton; for the latter lay stretched out before him. Danks, in sudden terror, withdrew his foot. He would have exclaimed that some horrible dragon had reached out of the water and laid hold of him, but he was terror-stricken beyond speech.

Barton, feeling the convulsive grasp of Danks, and thinking that he felt some hairy animal touch his face, withdrew from the edge of the rock. Both of them, by groping, retreated to a corner of their sleeping cavern. They had slept there because it was higher, and not quite so clammy and wet. They clung together, and Barton whispered,—

"There is something moving in the darkness, it touched me on the face as I lay at the water's edge."

"It griped me by one of my feet," answered Danks; "what do you think it is?"

"I cannot tell," replied Barton; "but I really think it is either a dragon or a crocodile."

They continued to cling together in the corner of their cavern. But when an hour had passed, or perhaps two hours, for they were not exact calculators of time, their fears relaxed a little; Barton being of opinion that they might have been mistaken. They must have been under a delusion. So he reasoned.

A flash of light crossed their eyes. Then another. A third lighted up the abutting angles of the rocks. A fourth flash showed them to be bright as crystal. After a fifth flash, there remained a dim red spot of fire. This became more bright, and still brighter, until they saw a face bent over the glowing light. Had it been seen elsewhere, they might have believed it was some person, who, having struck sparks upon tinder, with flint and steel, was blowing the tinder to light a match.

There was a match beside the glowing face. It took light. It showed a faint blue, then a deeper unearthly blue, like burning sulphur. The next moment it burnt luminously, and the face looked directly towards them.

Oh, horror; it was the face of George Dawson! And there was his hand holding the burning light. He raised it above his head; passed it before his eyes; lowered it to his feet; raised it again; and lighted a lamp which was girded about his waist. Or, was Danks right in believing that the apparition set alight to its own heart, and was its own lantern? No; he was wrong, the light burned outside of the body, not inside.

And there, beside George Dawson, stood the dog Dusty. They saw his eyes glaring, and felt as if he would spring upon them to avenge George's death. One slight source of comfort was, that they saw the mighty torrent of water rolling between the apparition and them. It seemed to be twelve or fifteen feet wide, and George and the dog stood on the opposite brink looking across.

George moved away, but the dog stood still. George was moving still farther away, going downward by the rocky brink of the torrent, when the dog went and drew him back; then it leaped and barked, and directed its eyes across to the cave wherein the trembling Danks and Barton lay terror-stricken.

And now they might have known it was no

apparition, but a reality, which stood opposite, had they not been so entirely overcome by fear. George Dawson, observing the dog's excitement, supposed that the lost boys were near. He called them by name. The sound of the waters was loud, yet they heard his voice. They could have answered his repeated cries, but fear paralyzed their tongues.

At last the dog led him away. As he and the light moved distantly, and still more distant, Barton recovered his courage, and with it some of his power of thinking.

"After all," said he, "it may be a living creature; it may be here searching for us. George Dawson may have been saved from the flood of the Whaleybeck; though, why he should have risked his life to search for us is unaccountable. Perhaps it is some one else, and our fears have made us suppose it to be him!"

"No," said Danks; "it is either Dawson's spirit, or it is himself. Whichever it be, it can only seek to kill us; we never did anything but evil to him."

Danks did not know that, in some persons, generosity is a natural quality. He judged mankind by his own experience; and he never

had done any one a service without calculating the advantage it would be to himself.

"Whatever it is, let us follow it," said Barton; "it may be the saving of our life;—let us call to it."

Danks had not felt the power of hope until this moment. He had been solely under the dominion of fear. The suggestion that this apparition might become the means of their restoration to the upper living world, operated on his gloomy mind like a glimpse of daylight. He joined with Barton in calling George Dawson by name.

After a time, George heard them; or, perhaps, the dog heard them first. He and the dog returned with the light; and when they were directly opposite, he asked them if they were alive and not much hurt. They replied, that they were alive, and excessively hungry.

They asked him by calling at the top of their voices, how he came there. He replied, that he came down in a basket at the end of a rope, and that when near the bottom, it became entangled between two projections of rock—that he signalized the men above to draw him up, but the rocks held the basket until the rope broke, when he and the dog fell

into the water—they got out somehow, but when, and how, he could not say. He asked them if they knew the way to the bottom of the Turley Pot opening, for he had not been able to find it.

But the water made too much noise for them to answer all this. George showed them that the dog entreated them to follow in the direction he had gone before; which doing, and he making the light to shine across the water, they proceeded downward on that side as best they could; but before starting, he threw them with all his might, a large piece of bread, which they eagerly devoured, and then walked on.

But the farther they went the sheet of water became wider, and so separated them from George by a greater and still greater distance. It became peaceful and noiseless, however, so that they could call across without its roar drowning their words. But they were now in a stupendous cavern, whose vast dome overhead reverberated with the sound of their voices, and broke the words into a confusion without meaning.

Yet they called to one another, and made sounds which echoed and re-echoed with tones

of loudness such as they had never heard in all their lives before. They heard their voices swell into the voices of giants. Had their persons grown in proportion to their voices, they would have been giants standing two hundred feet high. And the dog, to judge from his bark, would have been a fit companion for them. Had he been a dog as large as a house, his bark would not have been more awful than it was in that astounding cavern.

When they had walked ten minutes without being more distant, they discovered that as they advanced the water became narrower, and they approached each other. At last they came so near that they could speak as if on opposite sides of a large room. But they could not meet, for the water was nine yards wide, and deeper than all the line which George had with him, and that was more than would reach from the vane of a high church spire to the ground.

George now threw them the remainder of the bread which he had; this, however, was not much. He would have brought more food with him, but was told of the danger of giving any quantity at once to persons who had been long fasting. Now he wished he had more;

for when they had remained at this spot some hours he felt hungry himself.

They remained so many hours that they lost their reckoning of time. George thought it must be the next morning (that of the second day of his subterranean life, and the fourth day to Danks and Barton); but I believe it was not quite so much: it was only about midnight. Now they agreed to return towards the bottom of the Turley Pot. This they did, although it was apparent that Dusty followed George unwillingly. As before, they were separated by the roaring torrent. George could obtain no glimpse of the speck of daylight, nor approach to look up the shaft of the Turley. Barton, as before, could discern it by leaning over the ledge of rocks. They remained here the whole day, in the hope of some one descending, or something being lowered down; but nothing came.

Weary, faint, and hopeless, they once more followed Dusty, as they did yesterday. When they had made the round of the great circular cave, and came opposite each other at its lower side, Dusty began to bark as he had done before. His bark was heard echoing through the caves, as if a hundred dogs were there, each

with a throat as wide as a railway tunnel. George was so appalled that he tried to hold Dusty's jaws; but all his strength could not prevent his barking.

Presently the dog was silent. Then he looked intently towards the roof of the cave, and wagged his tail and skipped about.

George, Danks, and Barton looked up also, and, to their astonishment, saw a bridge, or raft of boards, or some such thing, descending. It alighted on the water. Dusty at once leaped upon it, and George, seeing his signs of satisfaction, followed. The raft then moved slowly to the side where Danks and Barton stood; but they were paralysed with fear, and did not set foot on it. A mighty voice thundered through the cavern. It echoed and re-echoed, as if a hundred speaking trumpets called, "Get on it!" Hearing which they tremblingly obeyed.

A voice still louder, and its hundred echoes, thundered the order, "Lie down flat!"

They lay down; and as soon as they did so the raft began to move towards the boundary of the cavern, where the water disappeared under an arch of frightful blackness—the arch was wide, but not more than three feet

high. Had they been full-sized men, the black clammy rock must have brushed or bruised them.

George, in lying flat on his face to save his body from being crushed, forgot his lamp for a moment. In that moment it was extinguished. After they had floated through darkness for a time, which seemed to them very long (which, however, was not more than a quarter of an hour), the raft stopped. George had his matches and tinder all safe. He took his flint and steel, and struck sparks upon the tinder. But the oil from his lamp had run on that board of the raft which was immediately under Danks's nose, as he lay flat on his face; and he being intensely hungry, was so gratified with the smell that he tasted it. Having tasted it, he at once lapped it all up, and ate the wick, so that George had now no wick to light with his match. But as it would not have burned much longer, the loss was not so great. Danks had but a very small meal upon the wick and oil. He said there was so little, that it made him more hungry than before he ate it, but what there was, was delicious.

George again struck sparks on the tinder to light a match. But as he was blowing the

tinder to a red combustion, a hand stretched down from an opening in the rock above, and took it from him.

Immediately after this the dog sprang upward through that opening. Presently he returned to George, and leapt up again, as if to induce him to follow. George did follow; so did Barton, and then Danks. They crept upward through this hole, and found themselves standing among large loose stones, but shrouded in darkness. They knew not whither to move. By groping, they found many openings leading into the deep water below, through any one of which, by a false step, they might drop and be drowned. The opening out of which they had emerged, was either lost to their knowledge, or the raft had been removed from beneath it; for wherever they tried, by reaching down a foot or an arm, they felt nothing but water. Here they stood, as they thought, many hours. The time would not have seemed so long had they been sitting in a pleasant apartment at tea with their friends.

They heard the sound of a human voice; but such a voice for loudness! It asked, "Is the supper ready?"

Another replied, "They are not skinned yet."

"How many of them?"

"Three and their dog: three nice, plump, young Yorkshiremen."

"How will you cook them?"

"Put Barton in the pot, Danks on the grid-iron, and keep Dawson in the cupboard for to-morrow's breakfast."

"Make haste, then; fetch them in and flay them."

With that a red light appeared in the side of the rock, and a head as broad as a bushel measure, with eyes like tea-cups, looked through an opening. It beckoned them with a long pole or boat-hook to approach.

They did not move. Whereupon a voice came from this monstrous head, and said, "If you come not this instant, you'll drop into the seething caldron below, and be boiled alive."

Now he drew them towards him with the iron fork. It had a hook as well as prongs; and the hook caught hold of their clothes, and dragged them. George looked for protection to his dog; but, to his surprise and grief, Dusty was nowhere to be seen.

By a glimpse which John Barton obtained of the lower part of the face of the person whose head was as large as a bushel measure, it re-

minded him of masks which he had seen worn in the London pantomimes. He felt nearly sure that it was not the natural size of the man's head. But for a man of any sort or size to be there under such circumstances, was as fearful as if he had been a real natural-grown giant.

He made them submit to be blindfolded, which being done, he led them separately to a seat, and told them to sit there until he was ready to serve them up for his master's supper.

Presently the master called as before, "Is the supper ready?"

The answer was, "Yes; all ready."

Then the voice said, in a tone of thunder, and unearthly harshness, "Uncover! begin!"

At this the bandages were taken from their eyes. What was their astonishment to see a supper laid out before them, one dish of which was an entire carcase of a sheep roasted! Venison, poultry, fish, and fruit—all were on the table at once. They were told to eat, but to be sparing of the feast, lest, after fasting so long, they ate too much. They were told to make themselves at home, for this was to be their future place of abode.

They would have begun to eat at once, had not the stupendous grandeur of the apartment

arrested their attention. Its pillars were of glittering crystal, more numerous than they could reckon—more lofty than they could see. Blazing torches illuminated the space to a distance which was only limited by the shining columns which stood far away, like a forest. But more surprising than the grandeur of this stupendous cavern (for cavern it was, though it was more like a fairy palace or a temple) was the fact that they saw no men, nor creatures of man or woman-kind. They were waited upon and invited to eat by three animals, resembling a horse, a bull, and an ass.

When they had eaten as much as the bull and the ass allowed, the horse blindfolded them and led them to another cave, where they were told to lie down and sleep.

When left alone they could not sleep, tired though they were, for wonder at their entertainers. Nor did their wonder abate when they saw through a crevice that the three animals were enjoying themselves at the table, drinking wine or other liquor out of silver cups, and merrily singing glees and catches—singing all the louder the oftener they drank. At last our three adventurers fell asleep.

The fifth day (from the fall of Danks and

Barton) has come, and now, reader, with my magic wand I take you again to Wharfewood.

As before related, a stranger has been admitted to a private conference with Sir John and Lady Barton at Wharfewood Hall. I told you that, being for the present a magician, I could take you to their private apartment, let you hear what they said, show what they did, and know what passed in their mind, but that it was not convenient to do so then. It is convenient now; enter!

Lady Barton, a handsome woman and doting mother, sits weeping and watching the stranger's countenance with an impassioned anxiety of mingled hope, distrust, and despair.

Sir John Barton, a tall gentleman, in whom the daily calculation of per-cents, capital, and dividends has been so incessant for thirty years, that he is now grey and mind-worn, though only forty-five years of age, sits forgetful of all per-cents and dividends, capital or interest, and says to the stranger—

"Bring my son safely to me, and I shall reward you liberally."

The lady says, "Sir John never promised but he performed; his word is good for thousands of pounds."

"I do not require thousands of pounds," rejoins the stranger, "nor do I require payment until your son is safe; not safe *here*, but with Sir John, where I shall lead him. But I must have a bond—a promise is not sufficient for me; I must have a written bond: I must dictate, and Sir John must write. You and he must sign it, and bind yourselves to secrecy as long as you live."

They entered into a solemn engagement to preserve secrecy; yet, though they never broke their word, I am able to lay before you a copy of the paper which Sir John wrote at the stranger's dictation:—

"In consideration that our son, John Barton, has fallen into the Turley Pot, and is said to be still alive, with two companions, but in great danger of perishing if a successful effort be not at once made to relieve them; and considering that Nathaniel Richards, sometimes called 'Nat Dicks,' by others called 'Long Spoon,' by others called 'Spoon of York,' has been obliged to hide from officers of the law in the caves adjoining the Turley Pot, is of opinion that he and two persons whom he expects to join him can reach the place where the three lost boys now are, and bring them safely to their dis-

tressed families: We, Sir John Barton and Lady Barton, solemnly declare and hereto subscribe our names, that we will accompany Nathaniel Richards to a place which he shall lead us to, and that we will pay to him, for his own use and the use of the two companions who are to assist him, a sufficient sum of money to enable them to escape out of the kingdom; their reason being, that they have been horse-stealers and offenders against the law, whose lives have never been happy, living in caves and hiding-places, continually in fear of discovery; and that they, having seen the three boys in the caverns near the Turley Pot, had no choice but either to leave them to perish, or, by assisting them to escape, expose themselves to discovery and punishment for the offences which caused them to hide. The said Nathaniel Richards and his companions had it in their power to preserve the secret of their hiding-place, from whence they might have issued out to commit other offences against the law, by permitting the three boys to perish; but they have preferred to run the risk of discovery rather than do this.

"But desiring to escape to another country, where, with money to set them up in a better

course of life, we, Sir John and Lady Barton, agree to pay them in sovereigns (£1000), and, in every way that we can, to promote their escape from this country; and never to speak, or write, or make sign of this agreement to any human being, not even to our son."

When the sum of one thousand pounds was named, Sir John Barton winced, and said, "Too much, by far too much!"

The stranger said, "You may refuse: I am to a certain extent in your power."

"And," rejoined Sir John, forgetting his perilous position, "I can compel you to bring forth my son; I am a magistrate, and you are in my power. I shall be no party to compounding a felony. I have people within call; I know your crimes; I can send you to prison and have you tried; you will be convicted and hanged at York—hanged like a dog."

"I know all that, Sir John Barton," replied Richards, "and reflected on it before I came here; but I also know what you forget, that while I am in prison awaiting the assizes and my condemnation to be hanged like a dog, your son perishes in the cave, out of which I alone can rescue him. I further know Sir John, that it was he and young Danks who, by

cutting the embankment, caused the inundation, for *I, and another, saw them do it.*"

Lady Barton fell upon her husband's neck, and passionately implored him to pay the thousand pounds, or any sum.

Sir John said, "Yes; that or double as much. I forgot I am in this matter a father, and not a man of business or a magistrate."

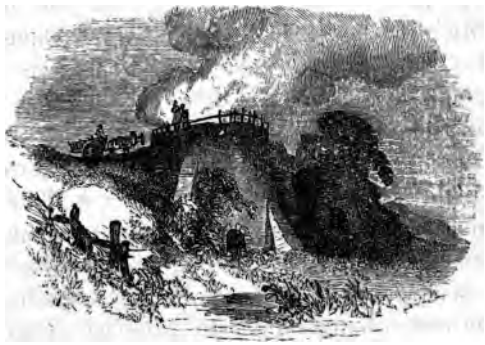
"I will keep to the thousand pounds," said the stranger; "neither more nor less; it will do us all a service; but remember, if there be treachery—we are desperate men. Your lives and the life of your son shall be held answerable for the strict fulfilment of facilitating and completing our escape from the country."

The deed was signed and sealed. Before twenty hours elapsed, John Barton was with his parents, David Danks with his, and George Dawson with his family. All that they were able to tell was, that three men, who were clothed in hairy skins, found them, played a few tricks upon them, yet treated them well, and ultimately led them blindfolded into the open air, at the place called Gennet's Cave, a distance of many miles, as they believed, from the Turley Pot. The men had then disappeared, and they could not tell who they were.

Sir John Barton immediately removed his son and family to London; from thence to France. Within three months he sold the Wharfedale estate, and was never again seen in Yorkshire; for it became known that young Barton had helped Danks to cut through the embankment, thus causing the dreadful inundation.

The purchaser of the estate would not allow the Whaleybeck Mill to be restored, nor would he retain any dwelling-house on that part of his property. The Widow Dawson and her family removed to Farmer Appletree's house, and for two years George assisted him at Appletreewick, and still did some business in meal and corn-dealing at Skipton Market. At the end of two years, the two families emigrated to America. They landed at Boston and went from thence to Rhode Island. At Pawtucket they found, as expected, a distant relative of the Appletree family, Mr. Samuel Slater, whose name was so long familiar to American eyes on the bank notes circulating in the eastern states, and is still familiar to their ears, as that of the originator of cotton-spinning in America. Samuel Slater has been called the "Father of American manufactures;" and, as such, was

visited and honoured by presidents and leading citizens of the United States. As this remarkable man gave a turn to the future fortunes of George Dawson, a brief notice of his passage through life is worth relating. To him I devote the next chapter.



CHAPTER VII.

About the time when the Peels began to print calicoes in Lancashire, and James Hargreaves invented his spinning-jenny, Samuel Slater was born at Belper in Derbyshire. It was on the 9th of June, 1768. In the same year Richard Arkwright was carried to Preston to vote at a contested election (in right of his being a born "freeman" of that borough), and was so poor and ragged that he could not appear at the polling-place until supplied with a new suit of clothes. This was the Arkwright who invented, or introduced the invention, of spinning cotton by rollers, and who possessed, before he died, an almost fabulous fortune of wealth, and the title of Sir Richard Arkwright.

Strange are the results some times of a search after facts and names. The candidate at Preston at whose expense the ragged Richard Arkwright was supplied with a new suit of clothes was Sir John Burgoyne (relative of the Earl of Derby), afterwards a general commanding a

division of the British army in the war with America. Previous to that war North America was a series of British colonies. Britain, among other restrictions, prohibited them from buying cloth in any part of the world except in England. Nor could they buy tea or sugar, or any foreign produce until it had first been carried to England, and from thence sent to America. Nor were the colonies allowed to carry merchandise of tea, sugar, or cloth, in ships of their own: they were compelled to employ English vessels, and English only; they were not even allowed to employ Irish ships, nor to trade with Ireland. Such was the jealousy of English merchants in those days, and such their power over the British government.

It was against those restrictions, and the imposition of new taxes, that the American colonists rose in insurrection in 1775. In 1782 they were acknowledged by Britain to be an independent nation. The story of the fearful struggle is a part of history, and does not belong to this little book. I have only to speak here of individuals. On the 17th of October, 1777, Sir John Burgoyne and his army, nearly six thousand in number, laid

down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners to the revolted colonists. Had Burgoyne been a more able general, who can tell what the result of the war might have been? His failure and surrender was a blow which the British power did not recover. America gained her independence, with full liberty to employ her own ships, to buy her own tea and sugar, and to manufacture cloth, and clothe herself as she chose. When Burgoyne laid down his arms, Arkwright, the Preston voter, who nine years before had been indebted to him for clothes to wear at the polling-place, had set in motion that wonderful machinery which was destined to give clothing, comfort, industrial triumph, and a union of interests to Britain, America, and all the world. He had formed, or was forming, his partnership with Jedediah Strutt, at Belper in Derbyshire. The wonderful machinery erected by Arkwright and Strutt attracted the inquisitive admiration of a rustic lad, son of a farmer at Belper. This was Samuel Slater. He was apprenticed to Mr. Strutt in the same year that the war in America closed—1782. On concluding his apprenticeship, at the end of seven years, he proceeded to London, and embarked for New

York, where he arrived after a tedious passage of sixty-six days.

No relative knew of his departure. But do you think he was a wayward young man, who went forth upon the world heedless of those he left behind, without plan or purpose of going? No. This young man had read, that before the independence of America all attempts at manufacturing cloth were systematically discouraged by the British colonial government. He had read, that since the period of independence America had been able to do but little to supply herself with manufactures. He knew that the most jealous vigilance was exercised in England to prevent machinery, or models, or drawings, or skilled mechanics, from going to America from this country. Had he made his intention known, even to his relatives, he had reason to believe that means would be used to prevent his leaving England.

It would be futile and false to contend that a spirit of philanthropy led young Slater to a new country to introduce a new process of industry. The hope of personal gain was, no doubt, the power which moved him to the adventure. But this is a good motive when it is not opposed to the public good. It is a

personal or public evil only when it becomes sordid, selfish, or dishonest. In his case, how good, how grand, was the result of this personal motive! When the American nation was a newly-weaned babe, he became its nurse, its schoolmaster, and reared it to a self-dependent working strength.

Who would have imagined that such a stripling by this act laid the foundation for a large fortune in America, and introduced the elements of a business to employ, in his own lifetime, probably more than a million of people? It seems more like fancy than reality.

Samuel Slater arrived in New York. He had no friend there; no letter of introduction; no certificate of character except his indenture, which showed he had served seven years with Mr. Strutt in the business of cotton-spinning.

He entered into partnership with William Almey and Smith Brown—they to provide buildings and stock in trade, and have one half of the clear profits—he to provide machinery and skill to work it, and have the other half of the profits,—they to furnish, on loan, the capital required by him, and he to pay them interest for the loan of their money. Such were the conditions under which the first cot-

ton-mill on the English models was erected in the United States of America.

He had no models nor drawings. But he was a good mathematician, and possessed great power of memory. He made patterns, and got mechanics to work from them. After many difficulties the machinery was at last set in motion.

During the first ten years, sufficient profit was made to keep the copartnery together, and to infuse hope for the future. He had married the daughter of Mr. Wilkinson, a member of the Society of Friends, and was cheered by her happy disposition and good sense to work on and hope for a triumph over all disappointments. Soon after the beginning of the century, he was able to extend his spinning-mills on his own account; and he had the satisfaction of seeing imitations of them spring up in other parts of Rhode Island, and in other states of the Union.

And now the war occurred between Great Britain and the United States, which lasted two years, and caused inexpressible mischief to both countries, but more especially to the British trade with America. By cutting off that trade, it gave Samuel Slater and his

partners a market greater than they could supply with yarn and cloth. They obtained extravagant prices for their goods. This to them was a benefit; but it was a loss to the American people, who paid such prices. Moreover, with manufacturers and merchants less sagacious than Samuel Slater, it led to the wildest gambling and speculation. Few merchants had been so successful as Mr. Slater, because few had, like him, adhered steadily to regular business, and avoided the excitement and hazard of mercantile gambling.

It was soon after the close of the war, that the Dawson family and their good friend Farmer Appletree reached Rhode Island. The farmer found his distant kinsmen, Samuel and John Slater, to be men of wealth, power, and sound position far beyond what he had any previous conception of. He purchased a farm between Slatersville and Pawtucket, on which he resided for many years. Widow Dawson and her family were placed in the occupancy of a flour-mill and a small farm, by Mr. Samuel Slater. But the aptitude of both George and Sydney Dawson for mercantile business was soon discovered by that shrewd man, and he gave them an opportunity of acquiring mercan-

tile knowledge, which the grinding of meal and flour did not afford them.

Samuel Slater was by this time not only the most extensive manufacturer in the United States, but a capitalist and banker, whose name on the bank notes was held to be the best name throughout the American Union.

The opinion became prevalent, that such was his wealth, such was his general prudence and sagacity, and especially, that such were his talents as a financier, that no business disaster could reach him. They were in error. But of that hereafter.

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with the routine business of bankers, bill-brokers, and traders in money.

Were I to tell the manner of life common to both at this period, you would say, "What dull, plodding young men they were!" They did live a plodding life, and so do most of the young mercantile men who afterwards rise to distinction.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Vanderlint, of New York, the eminent capitalist, took Sydney Dawson into his office as cashier, at the recommendation and on the security of a bank director, who had observed his industry and steadiness.

Soon after he took George without any one's guarantee, relying solely on the character which Mr. Slater and others gave him; and, so remarkable was his business talent, that Mr. Vanderlint sent him to Liverpool as a junior partner in the house of "Vanderlint, Son, and Co." During the next two years, some incidents occurred which may appear at first sight to belong to those chances which are called "good luck," rather than to the achievements of the plodding worker. But viewed more closely, they present the fact, that only a person of persevering industry and tried inte-

grity could have gained a position to take advantage of them.

Mr. Vanderlint the elder was travelling by a steam-boat which took fire. Several passengers were burned to death. He was saved, but so severely injured that he lost his eyesight, and was not again able to transact business. This induced him to make Sydney Dawson a partner in the firm with his son, and to retire from it himself. The unremitting attention to the English branch of the business by George Dawson, his deep sagacity and integrity (which last was like truth itself—as pure and as stedfast), in the course of two or three years gave him the prominence of a leading partner. Mr. Vanderlint the elder died, never having recovered from the effects of the steam-boat disaster. The next year the son whose name was in the firm, died of yellow fever at New Orleans. The survivors were that son's widow and her son, a lad in his fourteenth year.

As the widow preferred to withdraw the fortune, which descended to herself and son, from the firm of "Vanderlint, Son, and Co.," George and Sydney Dawson took in a partner, who purchased three-fifths of the Vanderlint interest; they, with assistance from Mr. Slater

and other friends, purchasing the other two-fifths.

The firm was now Vanderlint, Dawson, Brothers and Co., it being deemed inexpedient to withdraw the old name entirely. But as a considerable sum of money was to be paid annually for the use of that name, and George being sensible that the major part of all the business was now transacted at Liverpool, with Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and the Staffordshire Potteries, and that his name was that which was best known in those towns, he reconstructed the firm shortly afterwards as "Dawson Brothers and Co." On this occasion he took his younger brother William into partnership, and placed him at Manchester.

Their mother had removed to America too late in life to take root in new society and a new country. She was unhappy. She longed to return to the country of her youth and kindred. The return of two sons to England, and their eminent success in business, gave her a home here. She came, and brought with her Constance, her only, her darling daughter.

They lived with George, at Bootle, near Liverpool, William joining them at least once a week. They lived thus, and happily, until the

autumn of the year when William died. His death was a severe affliction; and all the more afflicting that it was attributable to the excitement of a speculative period. William, with less natural prudence than George, and less experience, had been induced by others to involve himself deeply, and, as it resulted, to involve also the firm of "Dawson Brothers and Co." in the worthless fate of several joint-stock companies. As these collapsed and disappeared the sanguine William Dawson saw, for the first time, the evil in all its magnitude which he had done to his brothers. They had known nothing of his connection with the share-gamblers of Manchester. They spoke to him severely. The shock was more than his nervously-tempered constitution could bear. As name after name of projectors and directors were discovered to be the names of penniless adventurers, or of men worse than penniless—men who were without conscientiousness as well as money—he was shaken, stricken with dismay. He lay down—was held down by fever, and, while yet in a state of unabated delirium, died—died from the effect of mercantile gambling as certainly as ever a man died from the effect of poison.

I need not tell how his brothers, his mother, and sister grieved. You may imagine the depth of their affliction; my hand cannot write it. But I must tell what George had to encounter, as head of the firm, in consequence of William's unwise speculations.

He had to go to London to see Sir John Barton. A large quantity of scrip and some bills, all of which involved the firm of the Dawsons, had passed into the possession of that banker. When George heard of their being in Sir John's hands, and that Mr. Barton was now the London manager, he congratulated himself on the probability of having to treat with friends. He had been told more than once, that Mr. Barton had been heard to say that he desired to have it in his power to do George Dawson a service.

On going to the bank, George found that the younger Barton was not in England. He obtained a brief interview with Sir John, who, as soon as he heard Dawson's name and business, said he had referred all affairs of that kind to a confidential servant of the bank. That gentleman was empowered to inquire into all facts relating to "joint-stock speculations," "share-gamblers," and "defaulters."

"Sir, I am no defaulter, nor share-gambler," said Dawson; "I am ——"

"So much the better," interrupted the banker; "your settlement will be the more satisfactory. Go to Mr. Danks."

"But, sir, I wish to explain why I am concerned with these unfortunate shares and bills."

"I really cannot go into the subject. Inquire for Mr. Danks; the clerks will conduct you to him."

Sir John Barton opened the door of his private room, in which this interview took place, with an air which admitted of no further conversation. His treatment of this honourable merchant indicated that he believed him to be some unprincipled adventurer.

Mr. Dawson was conducted to Mr. Danks. He recognized in him at once a person who had been a short while before in Liverpool, and who, as he had been told, made particular inquiries in different quarters about the business of the firm of "Dawson Brothers and Co.," as also about several other firms in the American trade. This person was known to have had introductions to certain bankers at Liverpool; but nobody seemed to know who he was. George Dawson now recognized in him the

Mr. Danks who sat before him, with a short, broad, cunning, freckled face; his eyes small, clear, and fixed, without a twinkle, like the eyes of a rat. But George Dawson did not at first recognize David Danks of Steppingstone Mill; yet it was no other than that person, who was thus unaccountably installed in a position of some importance in one of the first banks of London.

The path which he had followed in climbing to this small eminence had not been a difficult one. A person of less ability and cunning than he possessed might have succeeded, when placed upon the track by Sir John Barton himself, in reaching this or even a higher eminence.

Sir John was a proud man, who did not believe that he could commit a mistake. He could not admit that he had selected a wrong companion for his son, when in the son's boyhood he selected David Danks. He would not admit, when the son urged it, that the Dawson family, formerly of Whaleybeck Mill, were honest and industrious; Danks told him otherwise. He would not be dissuaded from the belief that the Dawsons were in some way connected with the robbers who bargained for

the deliverance of his son from the caverns of the Turley Pot. The account which Danks gave of the dog Dusty recognising the robbers as friends, and evincing a knowledge of the intricacies of the caverns (which account Mr. Barton was obliged to admit as true) confirmed Sir John in his original conclusions.

He employed Danks first to watch that the robbers did not break their compact, and return to do some personal harm to the family, or lay some new plot to extort more money. As soon as Danks discovered that a fear of that nature had taken root in Sir John's mind, he addressed himself to the culture of that fear. He waylaid him in private places, in disguise, and hinted that a farther sum of money would be called for; that the robbers had returned to England, and would lie in wait for his son, or Lady Barton, and carry one or both of them off. Sir John believed no other person could have made so favourable a bargain; that any one else would have been, under the same circumstances, a bereaved parent, while he, by money and sagacity, had recovered his lost son.

But he was annoyed and irritated that they did not fulfil their part of the compact, and

never trouble him or his son again. Yet he could not employ a detective officer to hunt them down and bring them to punishment. That would be to expose himself to the world as a man who had made a mistake. He chose rather to employ David Danks (who already knew the circumstances) to go about London in various disguises, and watch the movements of those inappeasable enemies. How David performed his work I have just told. The robbers were ten thousand miles away, and had no intention of returning to England. But David professed to have interviews with them. Young Barton was not a coward. He would have scorned to leave London to avoid the plots which Danks reported to his father. But the latter, knowing his son's bold spirit, was the more readily alarmed at the possible danger into which he might fall. Occasionally, when Danks reported that there was danger, Sir John contrived some business abroad for his son to attend to; or an excursion to Paris, or Italy, or the United States, for Lady Barton, she to be accompanied by her son, the latter altogether ignorant of the true purpose of such travels.

It was at the instance of Danks that the son

was now abroad with his mother; in his absence, David was a more influential personage about the bank than he dared presume to be in his presence. He had, in short, obtained a mastery over Sir John Barton. He was employed in the cases which required secret investigation, of which, amongst bankers, there are some occurring almost every week. He had been despatched to Liverpool and Manchester to ascertain who the deceased William Dawson was, and to collect information about the firm and business of "Dawson Brothers and Co." His report was anything but favourable to the credit of the firm, or the personal character of its leading partner. He told Sir John who George Dawson was, and added that there could be little doubt that he was in some way connected with Nat Dicks and companions; and that, in fact, part of the money which Sir John had paid to the robbers for the recovery of his son had been obtained by Dawson as capital to start business upon in America!

Hence it was that Sir John Barton treated George Dawson as he did, and handed him over to the chief of the secret department, David Danks.

That person, with all his ready resources of

cunning, was at a loss for a few moments to decide how he should treat Dawson. It was in those moments that he fixed on him his unwinking eyes. Suddenly he professed to recollect who the visitor was, and, extending his hand with great affability, said "how very pleased, how happy, how very happy he was to renew his acquaintance with George Dawson, and how delighted he was to have heard in Liverpool of his great success in business; of his high reputation as a merchant and a gentleman. He would have sought an introduction to him when in Liverpool, but was pressed for time. And also he had a delicacy in meeting his old friend Dawson, because of that unfortunate affair, the letting down the flood from the Tarn long ago—an awful affair that, which had afflicted him with remorse ever since, and would be a load on his conscience to his dying day; yet it was not intended to do such terrible mischief as it did—it was only intended as a trick, but it turned out a melancholy disaster. Might he ever hope to be forgiven by George Dawson? Oh! if he had an opportunity to do him some favour which would be evidence of his regret for the past, and an earnest of his humble friendship for the future!—his friend-

ship? no! he must not be so presumptuous as to name friendship to one whose position and fortunes were now so exalted above his own, but he would call it esteem, or respect, or admiration. Might he hope to give the head of the eminent firm of 'Dawson Brothers and Co.' a proof of his esteem, his respect, his admiration?"

During this unbroken address, in which Danks hardly paused to take breath, George Dawson stood amazed. For it was hardly possible to believe that the illiterate David Danks of Steppingstone Mill could be the confidential assistant of a first-class London banker. George told him candidly that he was the last man in all Yorkshire whom he should have expected to find occupying such a position. At which David laughed, and seemed desirous of speaking, but laughter would not allow him. At last he said, amid his laughter,—

"Give me your hand once more, Dawson; you are an honest fellow; you always speak your mind. But ah! such rogues as this world, and especially this London, is filled with! My position here, as confidential clerk and adviser of Sir John, brings me in connection with them continually. But what a relief to have a gen-

tleman of honour and reputation to deal with sometimes! They are not often referred to me. Now, Mr. Dawson, I know your business here, and shall relieve you of the pain of introducing it. You have come about those unfortunate bills of your brother's, and that bubble scrip for which your firm is answerable through him. Poor young man! I know it all. I was obliged to relate the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, to Sir John. Perhaps he was short with you, and not quite polite; that is his way. But I can save you some thousands. If Sir John finds that you had no knowledge nor interest in those shares, he will not press you; he will return them to the last owners as worthless securities. But as to the bills with your brother's name, he having been a member of your firm, why that is a more serious affair; yet I might serve you in respect of them. For instance, should you repudiate them, as under the circumstances you might honourably do ——"

"No, sir," interrupted George Dawson, in a tone of impatience, "I have not come here to repudiate anything. I came to ascertain the amount of my liabilities on my brother's account, that they may be at once taken up and

discharged to the last penny. Had Sir John Barton listened, very few words would have sufficed to tell him what I came to London to do. Had you listened, you might have settled my business with half the words you have wasted. I say wasted, Mr. Danks; I have no favours to ask, and so far as I am concerned you have none to confer. You will be good enough to inform Sir John Barton that I am here to discharge my brother's liabilities of every description, upon proof of his name being responsible—bubble scrip and all; nothing shall remain with the name of Dawson on it unpaid. And you must allow me to say that Sir John Barton is not the man of business, nor the gentleman I took him to be, to refer me, and business like mine, to you—to one in your position, Mr. Danks."

David Danks once more looked upon George Dawson without winking. He looked at him a full minute without speaking; then rising and opening a door in the wall, which before was invisible, he disappeared like a rat into an unknown hole. He quickly returned and Gorge Dawson was reconducted to the presence of Sir John Barton.

It is not necessary to go into the details of

this second interview with Sir John; suffice it to say, George made him thoroughly ashamed of himself.

After some days, when the business was settled, and Mr. Dawson had returned to Liverpool, he was astonished to hear from his head clerk that the cashier of the "Mersey and Hudson Joint-Stock Banking Company" had, in his absence, refused to discount their American bills; that, as yet, he (the clerk) believed this was not known on 'Change, but no one could tell how soon it might be, as the panic was daily becoming more feverish.

George Dawson sat down, or rather fell into his chair as if he and the room had been stricken with lightning. He was solvent. He was far more;—he had a large floating capital. But the panic was approaching a climax. He had made advances to assist some of his mercantile connections, who, though substantial men, were pressed for ready money. He had, for the sake of his brother's memory, and the credit of the firm, paid William's liabilities all in full, and in hard cash. He expected remittances of specie from Sydney and other correspondents in America by an early packet. But that might not arrive until after

one or two weeks. He was short of cash. His bills—his good American bills—to be refused by the "Mersey and Hudson Company!" He might be ruined before his remittances of specie arrived. He saw that even his confidential clerk doubted his solvency, or looked as if he did; but, indeed, the panic had smitten Liverpool with such paralysis, that not only principals and clerks, but the porters and office boys stood alarmed and stared at one another.

Mr. Dawson, afraid that even his clerk should suspect his solvency, said, "Nonsense! —there must be some mistake; we are worth a hundred thousand pounds beyond all liabilities; we have no heavy investments in goods, we have made no advances which cannot be soon realized; the bulk of our business during the last two years has been commissions and brokerage of bills. Refuse to discount our paper!—the bank must be mad;—I should not wonder to hear that it is ——"

He would have said "insolvent," that was the word he meant; but his mind was disciplined to caution, and he suppressed the word, so odious to mercantile ears, and so dangerous to be uttered if not well founded. He said he would go to the bank at once and demand an explanation.

THE BANKER'S PROPOSAL.

He was putting on his gloves, when a tap was heard at the door of the private room. He answered, "Come in." A clerk entered, and announced "Messrs. Trannmere, Woodside, and Ferguson, Directors of the Mersey and Hudson Joint-Stock Bank." As soon as they found Mr. Dawson was within, the two latter left Mr. Trannmere to transact his business, and went away, probably to some other [illegible] to do what he was to attempt with the [illegible] "Dawson Brothers and Co."

Mr. Trannmere having made a sign that the confidential clerk should not be present, and that person having retired, he looked at the door, and seeing an [illegible] bolt, fastened that; then coming to Dawson, he lifted his hands in an attitude of despair, and said,—

"What is to be done?—A run on the bank. It set in on Saturday; it was continued yesterday,—it is worse to-day than ever. You can save us; at least, you can do a great deal to help."

"I am astounded to hear you speak of my [illegible] help [illegible] bank," replied George Dawson. "[illegible] from London [illegible] that our paper has been [illegible] What does this [illegible] as incapable [illegible]

[illegible] PROPOSAL.

He was drawing on his gloves, when a tap was heard at the door of the private room. He answered, "Come in." A clerk entered, and announced Messrs. Tranmere, Woodside, and Egremont, Directors of the "Mersey and Hudson Joint-Stock Bank." As soon as they found Mr. Dawson was within, the two latter left Mr. Tranmere to transact his business, and went away, probably to some other merchants, to do what he was to attempt with the firm of "Dawson Brothers and Co."

Mr. Tranmere having made a sign that the confidential clerk should not be present, and that person having retired, he looked at the door, and seeing an inner bolt, fastened that; then turning to Dawson, he lifted his hands in an attitude of despair, and said,—

"What is to be done?—A run on the bank! It set in on Saturday; it was renewed yesterday;—it is worse to-day than ever. You can save us; at least, you can do a great deal to help."

"I am astounded to hear you speak of my giving help to the bank," replied George Dawson. "I have just returned from London, and am told by my clerk that our paper has been refused by your manager. What does that mean? You might have done us irreparable

wrong. But as it is, we are able to bear it all, and much more. But 'Dawson Brothers and Co.' will have nothing to do with lending assistance to any bank."

"All a mistake, my dear sir; it was not your house that was intended, when we issued certain instructions to the cashier; it was a mistake. Listen!—If we have injured you, we are ready to repair the injury, and much more. We are at this moment" (Mr. Tranmere put his head to the ear of George Dawson, and whispered) "in a condition to put business in your hands by which, in six months, you may net a round hundred thousand—a hundred thousand pounds, Mr. Dawson, at least; but as likely double that sum, as not. There is a panic, and some, many, must go into the 'Gazette;' it is the time for others to make their fortune. We know what you can do. We know what you have done at Sir John Barton's,—cleared off all your brother's liabilities, and in cash, and at such a time as this; noble conduct, Mr. Dawson."

"But the bank?" said George Dawson; "what of the run on the bank? Why talk of requiring help to withstand the run, and in the same breath offer me a fortune?"

Mr. Tranmere stretched forward his long

body, and hard, dry head, and again whispering, he said,—

"It's only my way of opening the subject;—only my way, Mr. Dawson. The bank is in no danger. It might be if we discounted all the paper that offers, even all the good paper. But some, as I said before—many, must go into the 'Gazette,' before this panic ends. We know that you have no heavy investments in cargoes to arrive, or stocks on hand, and we also know you have resources. We have information of certain houses which have heavy investments which they cannot realize to meet their engagements, and" (whispering still lower, and catching hold of Dawson by one of his buttons) "we shall refuse to discount their bills; and more, we shall blow upon their credit, so that nobody else will discount their bills. In want of cash, they must make sacrifices; they must realize cash on any terms. You are one who can buy what they will be obliged to sell. Don't you see how the wind blows?—it wafts a ready-made fortune to your door."

"I am exceedingly obliged for your confidence and good opinion," said George Dawson, sarcastically, yet speaking in a tone which

the other did not expect to cover a sarcasm; "pray tell me, after this condescension and confidence on your part, what return you expect from me, or what share you are to have of this extraordinary profit? Of course I cannot expect you to put all this good business in my way without your sharing in it."

"Precisely the point I was coming to," rejoined Tranmere, in an audible voice, but again he whispered and laid hold of another of Dawson's buttons—"If you take some of the bank stock now, a hundred shares or so; if you buy them in the share market, and speak boldly that you want more, as many as you can obtain at any price up to par, or even at a premium you will do the bank a world of good. Your American connections are known to be substantial. It is known you have large cash remittances to arrive. It is known you are not involved in heavy engagements. It is known you have just now paid all your brother's liabilities. It would do our bank a world of good at this moment if you became a proprietor. As to the return for your risk, I have shown how that is to be met."

"But," said Mr. Dawson, "you look to some other advantage than any good which

the bank might derive from my joining its proprietary. What share of the proceeds of my operations do you expect when you have brought those houses which you have indicated to the verge of bankruptcy, compelled them to sell, and I have purchased their stocks and cargoes to arrive, and realized the cent. per cent., or two hundred per cent., which you promise —what share are you to have?"

"Precisely the point I wished to arrive at; but you are such a man of business, Mr. Dawson; you hit the nail on the head at once. I will be equally frank with you" (he whispered lower than before, and caught hold of two of Dawson's buttons, one in each hand)—"the directors of the bank will expect to *stand in* for half the net profits. This is not too much, is it?"

"But my capital is not sufficient to make such very extensive purchases. The bank could give me some assistance, I presume?"

"Assistance? yes, of course. As a proprietor you would be entitled to a preference in discounts, but as a private" (another confidential whisper) "friend and business connection of our own, you would be favoured with credit at the bank to an extent which at present I cannot name: but at the least you would be

placed in a condition to take advantage of the windfalls which must inevitably drop in your way."

"Let us clearly understand each other," said Dawson. "The business, as I see it, is this: The country is now stricken by a commercial panic. Certain merchants of Liverpool, of good name and substance, who are accustomed to bank with the 'Mersey and Hudson Joint-Stock Company,' are known to have invested their capital largely in stocks of merchandise now on hand and in cargoes to arrive, all of which, in this panic, are nearly unsaleable. As directors of the bank, you (Mr. Tranmere, Mr. Woodside, and Mr. Egremont—all gentlemen of good commercial name)—you will refuse to discount their bills upon any terms. And further, you will mention the fact and spread it abroad, that they may be denied credit or cash everywhere else. You anticipate that they must effect private sales of their great property at a very low figure in order to obtain cash. You propose that I should become a purchaser at the depreciated prices; and that as a proprietor of your bank stock, and a partner with the directory in this project, I should be favoured to a large amount (the limit of which you can-

not yet name) by the bank; I to take half the proceeds, and the directors collectively to take the other half. Is this the proposition? Do I state it clearly?"

"Precisely, Mr. George Dawson: you state it clearly: you are always clear: you hit the nail on the head on everything: you have a wonderful talent for business. I predict that George Dawson will yet be one of the foremost of the merchant princes of England—a wonderful talent for business; so clear in the head; so lucid in speech; so diligent; so honourable! you have the football of fortune at your foot, Mr. Dawson. Such a panic as this is the making of men with clear heads."

George Dawson rose from his seat and spoke thus:—

"Listen, Mr. Tranmere. You believe me to be a knave. I need not say what I believe you to be. It is not the first time that I have heard of bank directors being parties in times of panic to such plots against men of substance who are pressed for money, but I do not think so meanly of the honour of British merchants as to believe that the practice is common. On the contrary, I believe most of them would scorn to be associated in any such nefarious business. But how

you, Mr. Tranmere (speaking for yourself, for Mr. Woodside, and Mr. Egremont, all merchants of good reputatation on 'Change), should make such a proposition, is to me a mystery in commercial morals which I cannot comprehend."

"Pshaw! nonsense!" replied Tranmere, "there are many merchants in Liverpool would have snapped at this chance. They would have jumped at that which Mr. Dawson professes to despise; and they are as good men, the worst of them, as George Dawson. I will leave you for a little: you will think better of it. Remember" (whispering), "your bills were refused two days ago; they may be refused again—your name blown upon—your credit gone: think of what may happen to yourself, Mr. Dawson."

"May my name and credit perish! may bankruptcy and ruin consign me and mine to shame, if I be a party to the ruin of any honourable man, as you propose! You say you will go, and return—I say go, and never return. There is the door. I set your threats of what the bank may do to me at defiance. There is the door—go—do your worst, Mr. Tranmere. I shall trust to a just God and a clear conscience to overcome it all."

Mr. Tranmere raised up his long body, put on his hat, slouched down his head, and with his usual rolling gait and long steps stalked away.

George Dawson sent bills to the bank, and they were not refused: on the contrary, the cashier evinced a great desire to oblige him, but he soon after removed his business from the "Mersey and Hudson Company," and that bank has long since been broken up.

CHAPTER IX.

GEORGE DAWSON had the satisfaction of seeing that even those who had endeavoured to seduce him from his moral rectitude, honoured him for his resistance. Certain American transactions which lay out of their own line of trade were turned over to the house of "Dawson Brothers and Co.," which yielded a considerable profit.

His business, like that of others, was depressed after the panic, but its American branch flourished exceedingly. The first serious interruption to the prosperity of the firm occurred in 1828. A panic and run on the banks arose that year in the United States. At first, the Dawsons hardly knew how they stood, or might stand in that panic. George went to America himself to investigate their affairs there. To his great satisfaction he found that the firm had only transacted safe business, and was not involved with any of the falling, crashing banks. But, on the other hand, some

of their friends were involved in those banks—the Slaters especially. The Dawsons were applied to for assistance, and the most hazardous, or, mercantilely speaking, indiscreet, thing that George ever did, was to decide (and he did it promptly) that their firm should go forward with all its strength to the assistance of friends who formerly had been so kind to them.

This was a perilous indulgence of generosity; but gratitude and generosity were natural qualities in both George and Sydney. They had fears for the results, but no regrets. Their partner, however, took another view, and determined to retire from the firm. This, at such a time, had an effect which temporarily damaged their credit. Yet even that resulted in an early advantage. Young Vanderlint (whose father was in the firm, and whose grandfather founded it) was now of age, and in the possession of the fortune left by his predecessors. The three-fifths of the original Vanderlint interest were to be disposed of. The Dawsons took these shares, and gave him a third of their whole business, the firm being reconstructed by the designation of "Dawson Brothers, Vanderlint, and Co."

The introduction of that name, and the known

wealth and good character of young Vanderlint, operated beneficially. By the close of the year they were considered as sound (and perhaps as substantial) as any firm well could be.

On returning to England, George had every reason to be satisfied with his American visit; but he was annoyed by an incident that had occurred in his absence.

Mr. Barton had called on his mother and sister, and mentioned that he had come by permission of his father to offer the assistance of the bank of Sir John Barton and Co., to the firm of which George was the head during the continuance of the American panic, should such assistance be required. Mr. Barton said that, for his own part, he had always desired to have it in his power to render a service to Mr. Dawson and to the family, for reasons which he named, and with which we are fully acquainted. And he added, that his father, having had reason to inquire about the firm of "Dawson Brothers and Co.," had formed a very high opinion of George (this was in allusion to his payment of William's debts, which the banker had not expected him to do).

In answer, Mr. Barton was assured that the firm had no need of assistance, such as that

JOHN BARTON MEETING THE DAWSONS.

JOHN BARTON MEETING THE DAWSONS.

offered, and that it was quite unnecessary to write to George and Sydney in America about it. At the same time, both Mrs. Dawson and Constance expressed very warmly their sense of the kindness intended. Mr. Barton was invited to dine and sleep in the house. He remained two days, and met Constance more than once on subsequent days at the house of a mutual friend.

It was this intercourse that annoyed George. He discovered that Constance, and also his mother, had formed an opinion of their visitor that he could not share in. He, as we know, had not at any time seen Mr. Barton under circumstances favourable to his character. Mr. Dawson did not know that the promotion and employment of Danks at the bank in London was an offence to Mr. Barton. George only knew that he held the Bartons, both father and son, at a mean estimate, for being so weak as not to see that Danks was a cunning, dishonest knave.

As soon as he heard all that his mother and Constance had to say in favour of Mr. Barton, he informed them that he by no means shared their favourable impression, and they must leave the matter to him.

George, therefore, sent him a letter stating that, on arrival home from America, he was duly informed of his visit and offered services; but that such offers of service, unsolicited and undesired, were too presumptuous, and he begged that neither that, nor any like familiarity, would be repeated.

But one single day did not suffice for Constance and her mother to tell everything which they recollected about Mr. Barton. They recurred to the subject again and again, until George told his mother privately, and desired her to inform Constance, that he did not think Barton was a person whom it was proper for his sister to be acquainted with.

Poor Constance! She was shocked. She had believed him to be the most amiable gentleman she had ever known as an acquaintance. She did not again, nor for a long, to her a very long while, mention his name, not even to her mother.

Barton received George's letter just as he had heard of his arrival from America, and as he was planning a visit to Liverpool, in the hope of securing his friendly acquaintance, and of being again admitted to the society of Mrs. Dawson and her daughter. On reading the

letter he was staggered. He was offended. He asked himself if he should resent that haughty letter, or treat it with scorn, and never again think of the name of Dawson but with contempt?

He could do neither. He left the bank, walked to London-bridge to cool himself in the breezes of the river, but felt only more heated in the head and perplexed. He returned to the bank and wrote a letter to George, soliciting permission to call on him to explain the true and honourable nature of his previous visit, and expressing a trustful hope that, if they were better known to each other, they would be better friends.

George Dawson perceiving (or thinking that he perceived) a mutual attachment between Mr. Barton and his sister, replied that no explanation was necessary, and hoped that he should not be troubled with any further correspondence.

After this, it was of course impossible for a man of spirit like Mr. Barton to visit the Dawsons. Nor did he again write.

One day in the spring of the following year, George sent a porter to his house at Bootle, to announce to his mother and sister that he

should not be home at the usual dinner-hour. An American packet had just arrived with a heavy mail, which contained a number of important letters requiring his instant attention.

When he did go home, he chose to take tea rather than dine, remarking that he had letters to write, which would keep him up to a late hour. He was silent and, apparently, thoughtful. He proceeded to the library without further conversation, and was still writing when his mother retired to her chamber an hour after midnight.

Next morning he and his sister took their common early walk on Bootle sands, and met their mother in the cheerful breakfast-room (the windows of which overlooked the Mersey) at the usual breakfast-time—half-past seven. He was particularly animated and conversational, which remarking, his mother spoke to this effect:—

"I did not expect to see you so cheerful after the serious business which kept you up so late, and the depressed spirit in which you began it."

"Serious business, mother!—depressed spirit! I never was more lively at heart than last night, nor had a more pleasant business to perform.

If I was silent, it was that I feared to lose precious time by talking upon a subject which was likely to have detained us all in conversation. As for sitting up late once in a way, once a week or so—you know I am in the habit of rising early, rather than of sitting up late."

He said this in anticipation of the affectionate remonstrance of his mother, which he knew was impending. She had many a time admonished him against spending so many hours of the twenty-four in the severe duties of daily business.

She now continued:—

"But you work very long hours at all times. I fear for your health, George."

"Mother, there is no getting on without long hours, and close attention to every hour. You have heard Samuel Slater tell how, for many years after going to America, he worked sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and look what he is now!"

"What is he now? With all his great wealth, his factories, and his banks, he was nearly a bankrupt last year, as you know to your cost. What good is such unnatural toil through youth, and all the best part of life, to amass more wealth than can be enjoyed, and

risk it all, or lose it all, or lose most of it, as Mr. Slater has done at last?"

"Mother, you speak of Mr. Slater before I have had time to inform you of what he is now. He is now a richer man, and his firm is more substantial, than at any previous time. The letters which came to hand yesterday bring intelligence that all his securities are redeemed and his liabilities discharged, and that the firm of 'Dawson Brothers, Vanderlint, and Co.,' is twenty-seven thousand pounds the better for having treated tenderly, forbearingly, and helpfully our good friend Samuel Slater when he was in jeopardy."

"Oh! I am indeed delighted to hear it, George, both for his sake and yours. If diligence and long hours of toil deserve a reward of profit and fortune, none can be more deserving than Mr. Slater and my own affectionate son. But, dear George, remember that this life is only one of probation for the life everlasting. At the most, this life, though extended to its full limits (to threescore and ten years, or to fourscore), is but a step—is but a rubbing of the feet upon the mat at the door-steps of eternity. Why should you endanger your health and give so much of your time to the

increase of a business already greater than you can personally oversee or control? Why toil so unrestingly to accumulate wealth which is (as you say yourself) growing greater every year, whether you be asleep or awake, and which is already greater than you can ever hope, in your own person, to enjoy?"

"As to what one can enjoy, mother, you will perhaps allow me to say, that there are more ways, and better ways, of enjoying wealth than in spending it on personal indulgences. You know I am not insensible to the charm of elegant furniture, pictures, horses, carriages, and the more refined luxuries which most wealthy men indulge in. I possess all these, and enjoy them; and I enjoy them all the more that you and my sweet sister share them with me. But there is no pleasure in expensive entertainments, furniture, or palace-like residences, to a person of my mental constitution, compared with what I derive from seeing my ships, with their swelling sails and their deep cargoes, increasing in number every year; no pleasure like that which they afford me when going forth to distant oceans, where they did not go before, in search of shores made bountiful by the hand of God, to bring products home which

may have never been gathered into a ship before, to promote the industry and supply the wants of this great nation. It is to me an enjoyment which I do not think inconsistent with the purest patriotism, to feel myself growing in wealth and power, when every new ship I launch or load is an addition to the strength and dignity of my country. It is an enjoyment which I do not think inharmonious with the divine principles of Christianity, to see a profit of personal wealth arising to me, while my business extends a friendly intercourse between nations and races of men; while it assists to diffuse throughout the islands of every sea, and along the shores of every continent of the world, that Saxon language which has been the best pioneer and preservative of Christian civilization, literature, philosophy, and the most exalted sciences. In the aggregate and in the ultimate it is such purposes as these that the capital and enterprise of British merchants promote and consummate. Of these merchants I am not the greatest; but, by perseverance, and the blessing of Providence, I am now amongst the men of the first class."

His mother rejoined:—

"For all the blessings of Providence on

your diligence let us be thankful. No one who knows you in business, George, can doubt your singleness of purpose and high motives in toiling as you do; least of all I, your mother, who have known you always as the most affectionate of sons, the most open-hearted and generous of men; but I did not mean to speak as if you gathered money together to hoard it like a miser. I am not insensible that it is to self-denying, persevering men like you, that our nation owes so much of its power, honour, and fame—I spoke of the wear and tear (as we used to say of poor old Whaleybeck Mill)—the wear and tear of your own mind and body. If you continue to add all your profits to your capital, year after year, and still extend the operations of your firm, where are you to end? How long will your strength and health endure it?"

Constance spoke:—

"Mamma, are you not unjust to George? Do not forget how much he spends on the house, the furniture, on household expenses, on the garden, the greenhouse, the carriages and horses, and on *us;* only think of all he has done for *us*, dear mamma!"

Constance alluded to a handsome settlement made by George and Sydney, but chiefly by

George, by which mother and sister were provided for against any event which might occur —such as misfortune to the firm, or the death of its leading members, or the not improbable event, the marriage of Constance. George was impatient at hearing these generous acts alluded to, and prevented his mother taking up the theme, as in her grateful and affectionate nature she was evidently about to do. He said—

"I have something new to tell you. Sydney's share and mine of the profits made from assistance to our American friends in the late panic, is—I cannot say exactly how much, but a rather large and unexpected sum. It did not arise out of the regular business of the firm, and as it is not required, it is not going into it. What do you think I am, by Sydney's consent, going to do with it? No, I am not going to purchase into the funds. No, nor place it at interest in the bank. No, nor spend it in buying some rotten borough, to get into Parliament (I wonder you could think of such a thing, Constance). No, nor lend it on mortgage. No, nor build houses with it. No, not even a house to take my wife to, when I get one (that is, for the present, as unlikely as going into the House of Commons, Constance, though it is

just possible that at some time I may do both). No; I do not think either of you can guess; but I will tell you. Six weeks ago I saw the estate of Wharfewood Hall advertised for sale, including poor old Whaleybeck Mill, the Tarn, and the Turley Pot. A month ago I bought the whole, and paid a deposit. Next week I pay the remainder of the purchase-money, and take possession. The price was rather more than I should have given for a mere investment of capital; but I valued it in a mood of mind akin to the poetical rather than the mercantile spirit. Why did I not name it before? The reason was this: I had intended driving into Wharfewood some day, to surprise you both by telling you it was your own; and from the Hall I intended to take you and see our old Mill restored on the old spot, with some industrious family dwelling in our old house. But mother has of late been so impatient of what she calls the wear and tear of my mind and body, that, to give her peace, I have told you my plans for future repose, before they were in a condition to be exhibited. The chief of them is, that I am giving our head clerk, Mr. Hinchcliffe, a share of the business as a partner, and am in treaty with another gentleman of large capital

to join us, so that I may have more leisure for intellectual recreation, and those enjoyments we may all hope for at Wharfewood Hall."

"The dear old Whaleybeck Mill!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson. "Is it possible? is it ours once more, and really our own? I shall certainly go and live in the old house—the dear old house!"

"It will be very pleasant to see it sometimes," said George. "We may stoop our heads under the low lintel, and look in; but you would now find it a very small house, mother, and rather dark to live in."

"But you used to tell me, George, that you hoped to see me sitting in the parlour of the sweet old house, with nothing to do but to water my flowers, feed my singing-birds, and make you nice butter-cakes for tea. I never expected so much to be realized in this life as that fond hope of yours. But now that it is entirely within our reach, why should we not enjoy it?"

"We do enjoy it," replied her son, "have enjoyed it, shall enjoy it. We shall enjoy it in Wharfewood Hall better than in the old cottage at Whaleybeck Mill."

* * * *

A year has passed. The desolation which endured from the time of the great Tarn flood, which swept away the mill, and drove the Dawsons to America, holds possession of the Whaleybeck dell no longer. The broken windows of the empty house have been repaired. The dilapidated roof has been renewed. The bats and the drowsy owls have been dislodged. A family fire has been kindled, and the hearth is warm. The mill has been rebuilt, and is in motion. Widow Dawson, who walks with her daughter through their own park and wood-lands, crossing the Whaleybeck by the stepping-stones below the "dear old house," says the "plash, dash, wash" of the water-wheel is like old music to her heart. Once more there is a stable, and horses in the stalls; a "shippen," with cows, which go out to the grassy meadow; there is a watch-dog, winking in the sun, at the mill door. It is not Dusty, he is dead; but this is a descendant, worthy of that ancestor. The garden trees are pruned and covered with blossom. The honeysuckle is nailed upon the cottage wall. The well is again as clear as when Constance Dawson was a child, and it was her mirror. The water streams are covered with ducks and ducklings,

geese and goslings, and thrifty fowls are summoned by cock-crow, when they have laid their eggs, to the mill door to pick up the scattered corn. There are bee-hives within the garden hedge, and the bees fill the air with the hum of diligence. Again and again, almost daily, Mrs. Dawson and her daughter walk through the leafy woods, there tread upon forget-me-nots, and cross by the stepping-stones up to the old cottage; but they return as they came; they live in the elegantly-furnished Hall, not here.

And who lives here? Who is tenant of Whaleybeck Mill now? No other than our friend Farmer Appletree.

This worthy man had a fire in Rhode Island, by which he lost most of his property. He was not friendless, but, like Mrs. Dawson, he had removed to a new country too late in life to become naturalized to the land and its customs, the people and their ways. Still he had entertained no design of returning permanently to England. He came to see Appletreewick and Wharfedale once more before he died. Also to behold with his own eyes the great Liverpool business of George Dawson, of which he heard so many people speak. Also

with the desire of once again meeting his kinswoman, Mrs. Dawson, and holding edifying conversation with her on those profoundest of topics, Christian faith and Christian practice, which were always uppermost in his and in her mind.

George required a tenant to the mill; one who might also be woodman and farm-bailiff to Wharfewood Hall. Farmer Appletree did not wish to return to America. Need I say more? He took possession of the cottage at Whaley-beck Mill. He discovered an orphan son and daughter of a distant relation in the parish workhouse of Skipton. They were aged respectively thirteen and fifteen years. As he had no family of his own alive, he adopted them, and they made his house cheerful.

* * * *

The year was 1831; the month was May; the day, early in the month. Mr. Appletree rose and dressed himself with unusual care, and went out before breakfast. He walked to Wharfewood Hall and breakfasted there. A family party were preparing for an excursion, in which he was to be guide and historical exponent of places and interesting things. They were bound for Bolton Priory, to spend the day

among the venerable ruins, and on the banks of the river Wharfe, which there runs, loiters, turns, again renews its course, rushes headlong, and again lingers; its bold stream the centre of a sylvan paradise, lying in the bosom of a rugged wilderness: the whole unmatched elsewhere in the British islands for a union of majesty and beauty.

Early as the hour was, all the Dawson household were astir before Mr. Appletree arrived. Sydney Dawson, his wife, and two children, from New York, were there; the American partner in the firm, Mr. Vanderlint, was also there; George and Constance had each some friends from Liverpool.

The party numbered altogether about fourteen persons. Mr. Appletree and George rode on horseback; the rest were conveyed in open carriages. Some suggested to go by Appletreewick, to ascend the lofty hill called Simon's Seat, and look on the grand panorama, extending from the hills of Derbyshire and Lancashire to the towers of York Minster.

But their guide said that they could not climb such rugged steeps, and walk so long a distance by the river banks, where carriages could not assist them; they must allow him to

conduct them in his own way. Accordingly, he took them across the country by the side of Rylestone and Basden Fell to the Skipton road, and so eastward to Bolton Bridge. From thence they drove to the ruins of the Priory.

In those magnificent woods, which enfold the beautiful yet treacherous river Wharfe, at the distance of nearly a mile above the Priory, there is a chasm called "The Strid." Here the river makes a rush, a dart through the chasm, and at the distance of fifty yards or thereabouts, escapes to freedom, and again displays itself as a river, though in a very bad temper, with little of a noble river's dignity. The narrowest part of this fearful gullet is called "The Strid," because persons, with more hardihood than prudence, leap or stride over it.

The Boy of Egremond when out with a hound, which he held in leash, strode over this chasm, but the hound, hanging back, the hapless youth lost his balance, fell backward, was swept into the foaming depths, and drowned.

"'Say, what remains when hope is fled?'"
She answered, 'Endless weeping!'
For in the herdsman's eye she read
Who in his shroud was sleeping.

'At Embsay rung the matin bell,
The stag was roused on Barden fell;
The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a heron was flying;
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan clad and forest green,
With hound in leash, and hawk in hood,
The Boy of Egremond was seen.
Blithe was his song, a song of yore;
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more;
'Twas but a step,—the gulph he pass'd;
But that step, it was his last!
The hound hung back, and back he drew
The master and his merlin too;
That narrow place of noise and strife
Received their little all of life!

"There, now the matin bell is rung,
The *Miserere* daily sung;
And the holy men, in cowl and hood,
Are wandering up and down the wood;
But what avail they?"

These verses are by Samuel Rogers. The mechanical structure of the two lines—

"But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through!"

is an instance of the power which words may possess apart from the ideas to which they give expression.

Wordsworth has also touched the story of the

Boy of Egremond, but only incidentally; it is in his poem called "The White Doe of Rylestone," He says—

"When Lady Adeliza mourn'd
Her son, and felt in her despair
The pang of unavailing prayer:
Her son in Wharfe's abysses drowned,
The noble Boy of Egremond.
From which affliction, when God's grace
At length had in her heart found place,
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up, this stately Priory."

Mr. Appletree conducted his party through the Bolton Woods. They walked mile upon mile; returned to their carriages; drove many miles, and again walked where they could not drive; they descended the dells, into the profundity of gloom; climbed the shaded, the green, the rocky steeps; drank at the delicious wells of water, and praised, until they were out of words, the beauty of the creeping, clustering infant-eyed flowers; they rested upon seats charming in situation and historical in name.

The Strid they reserved until the last. They were near it earlier in the day; but on the same path, approaching it at the same time, they descried Mr. Barton, and three ladies, his mother, and two friends.

George Dawson, not having seen him since they were together in the caverns of the Turley Pot, did not know him; but his mother and Constance did. As soon as they told him who he was, George spoke privately to Mr. Appletree, and requested him to conduct his party into another path.

John Barton had seen them. Indeed, he saw them at the hotel at Bolton Bridge, and, unexpectedly to his own party, proposed to go to Bolton Woods, where they had already been every day for a week. But he did not know that the sudden divergence of the Dawsons was to avoid him. He had hoped to meet them at the Strid, where brought to a point which they could not pass, they must meet, might speak upon a common topic, and he might be introduced to George by Mrs. Dawson, or by Constance herself. He discovered them again, and tired his mother and her companions until they could walk no more, by his keeping them in sight. When they descended to the vale of Desolation, he was on the opposite bank, a quarter of a mile distant. When they left it,—that appalling desert of dislodged rocks and scarified trunks of trees, the wreck of thunderstorms and

mountain floods,—he felt as if he were the most desolate object there. When he again descried them crossing the Wharfe by the wooden bridge, and following the path to the Strid, he passed the elevated alcove which, at two hundred yards' distance, looks down upon it, and told his mother, who with her friends was already tired of waiting, that he had only one more sketch to make from behind a rock close to the Strid.

He descended by the tortuous path, and was on the eastern brink of the chasm, while the Dawsons, who approached on the western side, were not yet in sight.

"Would he," he asked himself, "await their approach, spring nimbly across, to show his agility and fearlessness, and at once introduce himself to their company; or would he sit down with his sketch-book, under cover of a rock, and in stealth make a picture of the beautiful Constance Dawson as she stood awe-stricken (for as every lady did stand there, she would, and awe-stricken, of course she would be), looking into the foaming torrent?" He preferred the concealed seat and the sketch-book; not that he lacked courage to leap the Strid, but he had too little courage or pre-

sumption to introduce himself to the society of those who had rebuffed him.

Constance Dawson had not enjoyed the woodland walks, the poetry of the landscapes, and the darling wild flowers, so dear to her at other times, as she would have done had she not known that Mr. Barton was in the woods, on the footways, where they might meet him at any angle, from behind a thicket of trees, in a moment of time. When almost close upon the Strid, she looked to the seat high on the opposite side, and there saw the ladies who were with him in the morning. She knew them by their bonnets and shawls; but she did not see him. What a thing it would be (so ran her thoughts) if he were sitting behind any of those trees or rocks, with his sketch-book, of which he was so fond, making a picture of the Strid, with them looking into it! But she did not see him—not yet.

The Dawsons and their friends, like most other visitors, soon tired of looking into this chasm. It wearies the eyes and makes the head giddy. The younger gentlemen had no doubt that they could step across, but all agreed that it was much better not to try, lest an accident might occur.

They turned away. Constance had left the footworn spot, where most people stand, and had ran trippingly to an elevated fragment of rock on the brink of the flood, ten or twelve yards further up. In a cavity of that stone were some mosses and a group of aquatic plants, with whose foliage she was not familiar. She touched and turned their stems with her playful foot; but when about to stoop to take them in her hand, she felt the stone move!

She knew what should be done—step back; but she could not. She was flying; the rocks, the trees, all were flying through the whirling air and whirling water. She was going, going; felt herself going in. She screamed; called "Mother! brother! Save me! save me!" but was gone before any one could reach her.

John Barton heard the scream. He rushed to the brink, saw nothing; rushed to the Strid, reached down, clutched frantically at her clothes, as the torrent boiled her up and hurled her away. He only got her shawl. She was again out of sight in an instant.

George and Sydney conducted themselves like what they were—men bereft of reason. Mr. Vanderlint, who had escorted Constance all the day, and every day since he first saw her,

stood like a stone, as motionless, as helpless. Her mother cried in tones which might have carried another meaning to heaven, but on earth they were the cries of despair. Every woman else was like her; their screams and agony were responded to by Lady Barton and her friends, who had witnessed all, and now saw John Barton throw off, tear off his coat, and plunge out of sight into the vortex, where it is alike maddest and deepest.

He was a brave swimmer. But what availed brave swimming there? He was rolled, heels over head, and dashed against the mighty walls which wedged in the angry waters. He went to the bottom, or somewhere near it, far down: there the current was less impetuous. There, in an eddy, he came in contact with the precious object for whom he was risking his life He held her; held her at the length of an outstretched arm, and, gazing for light above, which he did not see, gave the eddies battle with his limbs. But he could not rise. There was over him a roof of projecting rock many yards in thickness. With ears ringing like bells; with mental sensations supernaturally intensified; with death within him; all sense of life a confusion; hope gone out utterly, he

yet made a struggle to swim and rise. There was now no rock pressing him down. He rose to light, to air, Constance Dawson still in the grasp of his strong arm; both visible at the surface of a wide boiling whirlpool a hundred yards below the Strid; both of them sinking like weeds and reappearing on the bubbling circles of that horrid caldron, until Barton's skill and strength, not yet all exhausted, brought him within reach of the reins and harness of the carriage horses, which were knotted together and thrown in.

Oh! the cries of agony while they were yet in peril! Oh! the shouts of joy when they were laid upon the green sward. The joy was not so boisterous, though not less intense, an hour after, when Constance was restored to life at the lodge, and Mr. Barton was already able to walk, and strive against the nausea which follows suffocation, by brisk pedestrian exercise.

I need not prolong the narrative of this day's incidents by relating how they procured dry clothes; how they all went to the Devonshire Hotel together; nor by relating what they said when there. Let it suffice you to be told, that next day Mr. Barton, his mother and friends, were visitors at Wharfewood Hall on the press-

ing invitation of George Dawson, seconded by his mother, and not objected to by Constance.

Sir John Barton died in the month of November of the same year, else, perhaps, a family event of a different complexion might have taken place about Christmas. It occurred when the family had been a few months out of mourning, namely, in the spring of the following year, when Constance Dawson became Lady Barton.

It is my duty and my pleasure to add, that it was a marriage auspicious in its celebration, and happy in all its results.

And further I have to add, that George Dawson, both before and after, confessed that his sagacity had been at fault in estimating the character of Mr. Barton. He readily admitted that his future relative had rightly remarked, when writing from London some years before, that if they were better known to each other they would be better friends.

CHAPTER X.

You will remember, that in social position George Dawson and David Danks were equal in their early years. They were the sons of working millers. They inherited no property which could be sold in a market, or buttoned up in a pocket. The school education of both was defective, yet they had each a heritage. It differed widely in the two cases.

Dawson inherited from three generations, both on his father's and mother's side, the practice of that high commandment, "Love your neighbour as yourself." This had not been accepted by them as an abstraction too refined for practical observance. It was received as a divine truth, promulgated by the Saviour of mankind, and in practice was found to yield a delightful satisfaction.

Danks inherited from three generations the deteriorated morals which result from selfishness.

At a time not more remote than seventy or eighty years, the Dawsons and Dankses, and the families with whom they subsequently intermarried, were in all moral and mental qualities nearly equal. But from that period they, in the examples by which children are trained, followed opposite courses.

A steady honesty, generous impulses, and (greatest of all—embracing all) a hopeful, cheerful, Christian faith, were taught and exemplified to the young generations of the Dawsons.

A narrow selfishness, which frequently overcame honesty, with only a formal and very feeble recognition of Christianity, characterized the Dankses.

For three generations the intermarriages brought neither alloy to the one series of families, nor new elements of virtue to the other. The one series progressively rose. The other retrogressively sank. The first attained, in each generation, a higher mental power, and through it an easier triumph for the moral impulses. The latter became weaker in efforts to do good, and stronger only in the faculties which minister to the sordid vices.

Does this diversity of moral heritage detract from the merit of George Dawson, or palliate

the defects of David Danks? If it appears to do so, it only agrees with a cherished and well-reasoned axiom of Dawson, that each generation of mankind is in some degree responsible for the morals of the generation which succeeds it. He did not admit that the virtue of a succeeding generation was a merit to that which preceded, because the preceding, at the best could have only done its duty to its successor, nothing more.

It may be readily conceded, that it was more easy for the Dawsons to do well in business, and rise above the social condition of their birth, than for the Dankses to overcome their mental defects and immoral education. But was David Danks irresponsible? Verily, no! Let us glance at the chief incidents of his life, remaining to be told.

While Sir John Barton the elder was yet alive, being still in good health of body, and not enfeebled in mind, except in so far as he had a morbid fear that some disaster would befall his son, through the mercenary plots of Nat Dicks and companions (believed to be in London, though they were ten thousand miles away), he one day called Danks to his private parlour at the bank.

"Danks," said he, "I regret to tell you that my son has objected to your continuance in this establishment. This objection is no new thing; but lately he has insisted on your removal. I know your worth. You are an invaluable servant; but my son is placed in full authority here as manager. I love my son. My wealth, and my high station in the city of London, would be to me no better, were he lost, than would life be were I lost in a desert, with dust for my bread, and not a drop of water in the wells of the wilderness. He does not know the continual danger with which he is beset. I have not had courage to tell him how those fearful men have waylaid me, and threatened us both, to extort more money. He does not know that I have employed you to convey to them from time to time the price of his preservation. He does not know how much he is indebted to your watchfulness and fidelity. He is bold, and in some things rash. He would risk his life, and incur some calamity which might cause my death, were he to know that those insatiable extortioners were prowling about us, as you and I know they are. He demands your removal from the bank this very day. But you shall be compensated, Mr. Danks.

Remain watchful (faithful I know you to be), and you shall be remunerated."

"I should like to speak with Mr. John," replied Danks, to whom this communication was not wholly unexpected. "I do not think I should go until I speak with him, because a good character is everything to me."

"He has gone to Brighton," replied Sir John, "and will not return for two days. He desires that you leave your apartment in this house, and be gone before his return. As he prefers no charge against you, he thinks a personal conference undesirable. He is willing that you should be compensated, and leaves that to me."

Sir John Barton prided himself on his personal attention to the most common-place duties, and especially on his unremitting care for the safety of the cash-boxes, though, in truth, his want of discrimination in persons selected for trust, exposed his treasure to great risks. He intimated that, as Danks was suddenly removed, he would himself sleep at the bank on this night. It being after the clerks and porters had left that this interview occurred, Danks asked the baronet if he had dined, or if he should get tea for him. Sir John replied,—

"Thank you, Danks; you are always obliging. I have not dined. I shall step to the confectioner's, and return presently. Thompson (the night-watchman of the bank) will be here at eight, and I may have tea then."

What David did while the banker was absent, eating a bun and taking a cup of coffee at the confectioner's, I cannot tell; but he muttered to himself, "I would rather the old fool had not been in harm's way to-night; but it must now be done."

Whatever his plot was, it became material to him to be at a distance from the bank on that night. He repaired to Sir John Barton's country-house, at Norwood, and expressed an anxiety to see Mr. John, though he knew that gentleman was with his mother at Brighton. He said he would go by one of the coaches to Brighton in the morning. Being known as a confidential servant of the bank, he was offered and accepted a bed, to sleep at Norwood; but I doubt if he slept.

About three o'clock in the morning, the female servants, whose rooms were at the top of the mansion, awoke the housekeeper, and she called the butler, who in turn went to arouse Danks, but found him up, and looking out of

window. There was a great conflagration in the heart of the city of London, not far, they all agreed, from Sir John's banking-house.

About four o'clock, one of the clerks arrived, breathless, demanding to see Mr. John and Lady Barton instantly. When answered that they were at Brighton, the messenger said that they must be sent for poste-haste. Sir John was very ill, almost killed by robbers. Thompson, the watchman, was murdered; the bank had been plundered, and set on fire; it was burned to a shell, and now the houses adjoining were in flames.

When questioned how he knew that the bank had been plundered and wilfully fired, he replied that two of the robbers, in escaping from the roof to another house had fallen, overloaded with gold and silver, and been dashed to pieces on the iron rails and stones in the court below. Also that, on the firemen bursting open the door, the body of Thompson was found: and near him Sir John was lying, bound hand and foot, and much hurt.

The butler urged Danks to post instantly to Brighton; but David thought some one else should go; his line of duty lay rather in hastening to the assistance of his unfortunate

master, and in tracing the accomplices in those three bold crimes of murder, robbery, and arson.

Sir John Barton had received a shock, from which he did not recover; he died at the end of three weeks. During a part of that time he was able to speak of Danks; to urge how useful he had been, and how prompt although dismissed from their employment, to come to him, and undertake to trace the surviving criminals. He recommended this "faithful servant" to be restored to office. But the son was inflexible; he had by this time learned much of Danks' character from George Dawson.

Left to his own resources of wickedness, and his share, not a large one of the bank plunder which the accomplices had escaped with, he made no attempt to live by honest industry. He joined a gang of housebreakers, who by the end of three years were all transported. But still, by his cunning and duplicity, he went unpunished. He knew that the young Sir John Barton was now married to Constance Dawson. He had all along attributed his peremptory dismissal from the bank to George Dawson's influence. He had meditated revenge for these three years. He had waylaid Dawson on

several occasions between Liverpool and his house at Bootle, and also in Wharfedale; but when the moment came to assassinate him unawares, he was afraid of detection. As for meeting him face to face like a highwayman, and saying, "Stand! your money or your life!" he dared not; his courage was not equal to an encounter with Dawson.

But, supported by two notorious housebreakers, known as "Long Lankey" and "The Bear," he was equal to the risk of attacking in the dead of night, at Wharfewood Hall, the mother of George Dawson, her daughter and infant child, and three maid-servants. Dawson and Barton were in Ireland, planning extensive improvements on an estate which the latter had purchased in the county of Limerick. It was the month of June. Danks received intelligence in London of the females being alone at Wharfewood; but Long Lankey and the Bear being absent on a tour of theft and housebreaking in the county of Surrey, he delayed his journey to Wharfedale until he found them. Now it so happened that the funeral of an illustrious man was to take place near Farnham in Surrey. It occurred to Danks that the fame of the deceased would attract the

inhabitants of the neighbouring country to his funeral, and that the two thieves would be in the crowd, or at some lonely situated house not far distant, committing robbery when its inmates were out. He went down to Farnham, and on the day of the funeral found them picking pockets in the churchyard.

They returned to London that evening, and took places on the first coach in the morning for Leeds; from Leeds they went by coach to Bradford; and from Bradford, by canal-boat, to Skipton, that mode of conveyance being convenient, while passing through the numerous locks which intervene, for acquiring a knowledge of the outside of houses, and the names of their occupants, worth robbing, situated in that part of Airedale. From Skipton they went in the night, and lay concealed in Wharfewood: they lay in a cave which Danks had known from childhood, and which was surrounded by a thicket of holly bushes. In front of the hollies grew a thickly-branched yew tree, under which was a seat occasionally occupied by persons taking recreation in the wood in times of bright sunshine. At the mouth of the cave was a spring of water, good always, but delicious on a hot summer day.

Mrs. Dawson and her daughter with the infant heir of the Bartons and the nursery-maid having walked to "Dear old Whaleybeck Mill," were returning tired with the heat. They turned out of the direct path to rest under the shade of the outspread yew tree, and to refresh their lips by such quantities of water from the delicious well within the cave as Constance could lift with the only vessel they possessed, her very small, very pretty golden thimble, which happened to be in her reticule.

The three robbers shrunk into the darkest recess of the cave. They were not seen; yet their distance from the well was not over three yards. When the ladies returned to the seat under the tree, Long Lankey, addressing Danks in a low voice, said,

"You made it a part of the bargain, that if you conducted us to their plate-chest, jewellery, and money, we were to help you, if needed, to murder them. Why not do that first? There could not be a more convenient time and place, Let us leave them dead in this cave, and then go finish our work in the house."

Danks replied, "I have a mind to it; but if done, we do not know who are about the house; there may be woodmen, or carters, or gardeners,

or gamekeepers. Sure to be some men about at this time of the day."

The Bear said, "Unless we be resisted, I shall have no hand in murder. See what a beautiful creature that young mother is! and what a sweet baby! and as for the other, she must be a good old woman; listen to the tone of her voice as she talks to that baby; it comes into this black cave like the music of an angel."

"All very well for you to talk about angels," rejoined Danks; "you have not been wronged, ruined, persecuted by them; but I have,—leastways by Dawson and Barton, who will bitterly mourn for that old woman and that young one, and also for that baby. I know they are good women, and affectionately beloved, and all that sort of thing; but so much the greater will be the grief of those who lose them; so much the more complete my satisfaction."

"I'se ha' no hand in't," repeated the Bear; "they are too good, too innocent, to be murdered; the curse of Heaven would fall for everlastin' on us, and no benefit o' clergy would take it off, if a baby angel, its beautiful mother angel, and old holy grandmother like them were murdered. They look like people as go to church or chapel, and pray night and morn-

ing to be preserved from all harm in this life, and to be made good and happy in the life to come. Dunnot you think so, Lankey?"

"I believe in no life to come, and you know that," said Lankey; "it's only a parcel of lies contrived by parsons, and them as preaches and makes a living out of frightening poor people. And, what's more, I'm like Danks: I don't like your good people; I would as soon put that lot of women out of breath, as I would take that gold thimble they drank from; and it shall be mine before they go out o' sight o' this here place."

"I believe in a life to come," said the Bear; "I believe in the goodness of God and the power of God. Were it not that I hope to have time to repent o' this here sinful life, and that I put off repenting until to-morow, and when to-morrow comes, until next day, I would ha' quat this kind o' life afore now. You must'nt tell me there is no use in praying because there is no God to hear it; there is a power in heaven to reward and punish after death, and to govern all things on this side o' death."

"I once believed most of that," said Danks; "but Lankey has convinced me against it; besides, I don't want to believe it. Let us

creep close to these women, under the holly branches, and listen to what they say; we may hear something worth knowing."

The three robbers crept under the hollies, listened, and looked upon the unsuspecting group, at a distance over which they could spring in two seconds of time. They held their breath and whispered not a syllable.

The first words they heard were spoken by the young mother to the blue eyes of her infant. In playful tenderness she held it aloft at arm's length; then drew it inward to its nest upon her bosom, and bent over it with caresses. Then she held it aloft again, where with dimpled chin and rosebud mouth it crowed with delight, and tossed its little feet till a tiny shoe came off. Again she brought it down to be bathed in kisses and whelmed in words, of which, perhaps, only mothers themselves and the angels of heaven can fully comprehend the tunable eloquence and the meaning.

With this the future banker of Lombard Street, or Lord Mayor of London, or Prime Minister of the kingdom, dived his dimpled chin and blue eyes out of sight, and drank at the fountains of his mother's love.

"I say," said the Bear, whispering to Long

Lankey, "they tan't the kind of provoking words to make a man wish to murder them women—be they?"

"They's all too happy to be allowed to live," growled Lankey; "I hates your happy people; I'm with Danks in that. I'd murder them this moment an' Danks would let."

"Say if Almighty God would let," rejoined the Bear. "There'd be an earthquake to swallow us up, or a thunderbolt to strike us dead if we laid hands on them women and that there baby. I'se ha' no hand in't."

During this, the conversation of the ladies turned on the purpose of the visit of Sir John Barton and George Dawson to Ireland. When the infant heir of all the Barton wealth and dignity gave sign that he would rather crow and toss off his tiny shoes than drink more at present, his mother assented; she tossed him up; and renewed her story to him thus:—

"Did they say they would make a pretty litti—itti—ittle baby a great landlord of great estates when he would be a man? Did its papa and unci—uncle Georgi-porgi say it was as safe to be a landlord in Ireland as anywhere else? It's grandma says its own beautiful England has land enough, more than they can

ever buy; and its own delightful, peaceful England does not shoot its landlords from behind stone walls; its own beautiful England has nobody so cruel as to lie behind trees, or concealed in caves, to take the life of innocent fellow-creatures."

She stopped suddenly and pressed the baby to her breast.

"Did you see that lightning, mother?"

"No; but I thought I heard distant thunder."

"I've heard it twice," said Susan the maid.

"We had better go home," said Constance; "see what black clouds have come all at once over the wood! There is another flash of lightning! let us hasten home."

"It will be as well," said her mother; "besides, the postman will soon bring the letter-bag, and we shall know what day in next week George and Sir John expect to return."

"I am so afraid of the thunder, for all you say to the contrary, mamma; give me my shawl round the baby. No, Susan, I shall carry him myself until out of the thunder storm. More lightning! let us haste away! I'm afraid!"

"Though I walk through the valley of the

shadow of death, yet will I fear no evil," said Mrs. Dawson; "you should have more steadfastness of faith, Constance; God is ever present to succour those who trust in him; or if accidents befal, they are overruled for good. Even this thunder storm, which frightens you, may be sent for our good."

With these words they departed.

Danks had decided to murder them and go and rob the mansion, and Lankey was impatient to lead the attack, up to the moment when the lightning darted from the clouds. But the sudden darkening of the sky, and flashing of the lightning, following so quickly on the words which the Bear had spoken, namely, that some earthquake would swallow them up, or thunder-bolt strike them dead, it they laid hands on these women, both he and Danks were shaken in their purpose. They retreated within the cave, to remain hidden until night.

The thunder and the rain having ceased, there was a clear mild evening, which induced a number of men and boys to go out to the moors to fish in the Tarn. They returned home with their fish through Wharfewood, noisily shouting and singing, soon after dark.

In the midst of that noise, George Dawson and Sir John Barton, with a new land-steward, whom they had engaged for the Irish estate, arrived unexpectedly at the Hall.

The robbers had listened to the sound of the noisy men and boys, but heard nothing else. At twelve o'clock they began to drink strong spirituous liquor to inflame their courage and cruelty. At half-past twelve they emerged from the cave and went up to the Hall, to fulfil the deadly assault, which they expected would soon be completed on the defenceless women.

They were mistaken. With little difficulty their implements of burglary, centre-bits, skeleton keys, and crowbars, admitted them into the interior of the Hall. They reached the rooms on the first floor. But there they were astonished by the presence of Dawson, Barton, and the stalwart figure of the land-steward. They leaped from the windows into a court-yard, and were followed. They shut themselves up in an outhouse, and were detained there until daylight. They, after many efforts, got out upon the roof, and, leaping into a lake, swam to the opposite shore. They landed and ran, pursued by Dawson, his friends, and neighbours.

They were taken, however, after a good run. Long Lankey died of wounds received in the pursuit. David Danks and the Bear were tried at York and convicted. Other crimes being proved against them, they were each sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

The Bear repented of his evil courses, and after some years of good conduct, he obtained a ticket-of-leave, and it is hoped that he became an honest man. David Danks escaped, but was caught, and charged again with burglary. He now works, a doubly convicted felon, in the chain-gangs at Gibraltar.

And George Dawson, where and what is he? He is in the House of Commons, an honourable and honoured member, the representative of an English county. The following is an extract from the speech of the gentleman who proposed him on the hustings:—

"The gentleman whom I have the honour to introduce as a candidate for your suffrages has been accused of being an upstart, who began his career in a very humble condition of life. I have his permission to say, that he not only admits this to be true, but more: that he began his mercantile career with very little capital, and with a very defective education. This

much he will readily tell you himself; but he will not relate how vast his mercantile transactions, how noble and exalted his position is now. That I shall do in his stead. When I tell you that there is not a breeze or tide moving in the British seas, but carries out or floats inward some ocean-going ship of his; that round the circle of the globe the sun never sets upon his fleets; that in all the civilized world where bales of British merchandise have a market, the name of George Dawson passes like gold from the Mint;—when you are told this, you may conceive whether it be a reproach to such a merchant to say that he began his career a poor man. Some years ago, when the American banks collapsed and paralysed the credit of that country, and threatened by their recoil the credit of most British houses connected with the United States, the government of this country induced the bank of England to offer a credit of two millions sterling to a Liverpool firm. Of this that firm availed itself to the extent of nine hundred and fifty thousand pounds—they paying fifty thousand pounds for the loan of a million. Such a transaction, for its magnitude, was never before known in the history of commerce. But for that advance the

firm in question would have failed, and terrible would have been the disaster to the manufacturing towns of England, where their bills were in circulation. It was the dread of this disaster to those towns, that induced the government to step forward to avert that bankruptcy. But what was the condition of the house of George Dawson Brothers and Co. at that period? They were as deeply involved with America as any other, and on their stability much depended in the manufacturing districts of England, of Scotland, and Belfast; yet so sagacious had the head of the firm been,—this worthy gentleman now before you,—that there was never the shadow of danger nor of fear as to his stability in this country. More than that, the branches of his house in America had been so judiciously conducted, that, in the time of peril and ruin to others, they were able to step forward with the strength of giants to assist and save their friends.

"Then mark the minor employments of this great merchant, if minor I may call those actions which partake more of the character of evangelism than of mercantile transactions. We see him acquiring estates of land in Ireland, building villages, and instituting industrial

schools; and in this country, in the crowded cities, we see him at his own cost removing the dilapidated habitations of poverty, sin, and pestilence, and rearing in their room substantial dwellings for the industrial population, replete with every convenience for health and comfort. We see him attending the ragged schools in person, not for the *éclat* of one public day, but on several days and evenings of every week, cheering the teachers with his countenance, advice, and discreet munificence, and reclaiming, by the labour of his own hand and mind, the lowliest of the low in the town of Liverpool.

"Such is the gentleman, George Dawson, of Wharfewood Hall, whom I confidently propose to you as a fit and proper representative, to whom to intrust your interests."

And now youths, and young men of England, to whom this book is more especially dedicated, I beg of you seriously to reflect upon this narrative. Does it not teach us that we must think of others, and must speak and act with them in our minds. And we are bound to form such habits as shall tend to their good, and to make us useful in the world. It is our duty to love all men, and habitually "to do unto others as they would that we should do

unto them." It is our duty to be considerate of the feelings and misfortunes of those with whom we are associated; and to be prudent and accommodating where their happiness is concerned. But if we feel any course to be right, we should always pursue it, let us suffer as we may, from the unjust censure of others.

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